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10th January, 1860.

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SHALL WE MAKE FRIENDS WITH FRANCE?

THE object of Lord COWLEY's recent mission to England is no longer unknown. Although closely wrapped in diplomatic mystery, the unmistakable form of proffered friendship has been recognised as one well-remembered and much prized. A cordial intimacy and good understanding between France and England has been professedly the aim of every eminent statesman in this country time out of mind. For sake of it WALPOLE was content to bear the ill-humour of the Court, and the calumnies of opposition. For sake of it PITT made his celebrated Commercial Treaty in 1785, which anticipated, by half a century, the policy of Free Trade, which earned for him at the time abuse in Parliament, and unpopularity out of doors among certain classes, but which the wisdom of the nation gratefully ratified, and which we now know that he sacrificed with deep reluctance and regret at the breaking out of the anti-Revolutionary War. For sake of it Mr. CANNING, when Foreign Minister, consented to endure the reproaches of Lord GREY, on the score of inconsistency regarding Spain; and for sake of it the Duke of WELLINGTON, who sympathised with Prince POLIGNAC, and wished well to the success of his arbitrary measures, hesitated not, upon his fall and the overthrow of CHARLES X., to salute the King of the Barricades as the ally of England. For sake of it PEEL and LYNCHURST, PALMERSTON and RUSSELL, concurred in forgiving and trying to forget the perfidy of M. GUIZOT and his master regarding the Spanish Marriages; and subsequently concurred in recognising frankly the changes in the Government and policy in France caused by the events of 1848. And whatever may be said to the contrary, in the organs or by the confederates of dynastic plotters against the Empire, the good feeling and good sense of the English people continue to be as much as ever in favour of friendship with France. Our national self-respect is in no way compromised by the admission that amity with France is worth more to us than all the other alliances in the world. And what is true with regard to us is equally true reciprocally as regards the French people. The enmity of England is the only enmity which France has never been able to frown down. Under the First NAPOLEON her victorious eagles were planted on the summits of every other capital in Europe:—not a feather from their ambitious wing dropped here. We feel that we can afford, therefore, to acknowledge the high value we set upon alliance with France; and we do acknowledge—all the more unreservedly just now, because it is impossible that the least informed of our neighbours can any longer mistake the enthusiastic resolve of the wealthiest nation in the world, whatever it costs, to be prepared to meet all comers, by land or sea—the deliberate resolve of the most laborious people in the world to devote any amount of time and labour that may be requisite to the defensive toil of rifle drill. We repeat it, therefore, that we can afford to own, without reserve, how much we should regret alienation from France, and how heartily we should despise those public men, who, when the right hand of conciliation and confidence was held out to the Government of this country, should reject it.

Lord COWLEY has returned to Paris; of what answer to the Emperor's proposals has he been the bearer? Of none, perhaps, in a categorical sense or final form. After many months, we will not say of estrangement between the two nations, but of mutually irritating mistrusts and altercations, it is not possible perhaps to expect that a Government like our own, amenable in all its actions to the judgment of Parliament and of the Press, should suddenly, or without careful consideration of all details and consequences, commit itself to the adoption of any policy, however coincident with its own thoughts and wishes, which comes at the suggestion of a foreign Power. The mere imputation of precipitancy in such a case would do much to disquiet the minds of the circumspect, and to chill the faith of the confiding.

We shall not be sorry then to learn that the well-trained COWLEY, having dropped his message at the feet of those he was told to give it to, has returned wagging his tail without any immediate answer. But we should be sorry indeed to infer from this any thing unfavourable to the ultimate issue. Unless there be involved in the proposals for a renewed alliance some condition other than those which are generally rumoured and believed, we should regard the ministers as the greatest enemies of the happiness and welfare of their country who should reject them.

NAPOLEON III. desires the pacific settlement of Italy on the basis of the present *status quo*; and he asks us to co-operate with him in securing so desirable an end. Assuredly he has made sacrifices enough to entitle him to do so. His sacrifices have not been in Italy alone. To win the attachment of Italy he has lavished blood and treasure; to disarm the distrust of England he has flung from him irrevocably the admiration and sympathy of Catholic millions, already not particularly

well affected to our Government. Had he been indifferent to the sufferings of Italy, he would never have spent £20,000,000, and 50,000 lives in Lombardy without exacting a province or a fortress in return; and had he harboured the designs of piracy and brigandage against this country sometimes imputed to him, he would never have thrown away the power of distraction which he possessed in the passionate partisanship of Catholic Ireland. Having given these unanswerable proofs of magnanimity and good intentions, as far as the Italian and the British nation is concerned, he fairly asks both now if they really value the friendship of France, to show it by renewing the triple league of interest and honour that bound them together as allies five years ago. As regards all real or supposed projects of aggrandisement in the Mediterranean, NAPOLEON III. professes himself ready to give proof that he has put away ambition. The project of the Suez Canal should be suffered to excite our apprehensions no more; and his arbitration could hardly be refused if offered for the immediate settlement of the dispute between Spain and Morocco, the continuance of which our Government regards with unconcealed dissatisfaction. Entire free trade it is not in his power to ordain; but modifications of the French and English tariff he is not unwilling to make in that direction. If Naples will retain her Bourbon jailors, if Austria will not sell Venetia, and if Rome and the Vicariate of St. Peter's have not been able or willing to follow the example of the Romagna,—let all of these remain as they are; let Italy be satisfied with the great things already done towards her unification and liberty; and for the sake of consolidating the great work which has been accomplished, let England and France unitedly abjure all thoughts of further encouragement to Italian schemes of revolution, and, in common with the other great Powers of the Continent, guarantee the integrity of the residuary States of the Church; and if, to have something to show to France, less in consideration for what he has done for Italy than as a generous acknowledgment on the part of Piedmont, that Power shall agree to restore its only trans-montane appanage to France, let the re-annexation of Savoy form a part of the general arrangement. When all this shall have been done the tax-payers of both countries may be once more allowed to keep their hard-earned money in their pockets, instead of squandering it upon extra means of mutual bullying and bombardment. Can any one conceive a consummation more desirable? Claremont and Stafford House, and the utterly selfish cliques that circle round them, may relish nothing that holds out a promise of good understanding and confidence between the two Governments while in France a BUONAPARTE reigns. But the people of this country need only to have it made clear to them that the real spirit that actuates our courtier oligarchs in their affected fear of French designs is Bourbonist, not British,—Legitimist, not Liberal,—and they will turn indignantly from those who would deceive them, and deal with them as they did not long ago in the case of the Conspiracy Bill. We rejoice to think that Lord PALMERSTON is no longer liable to be misled by the malign influence he then suffered to prevail too far in the administration of foreign affairs. That influence is active and busy still, and the instrument it then used is eager and restless to be again employed. No effectual reform at home, and no cordial friendship with France under an elected Sovereign,—these are the watchwords of the faction,—we should rather say of the Cabal—against whose machinations we have need to be upon our guard.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE patience of Mr. BUCHANAN has at last been exhausted. He has delivered his message, although the House of Representatives has not yet managed to elect a Speaker. We do not wonder at it; there is something both irritating and ludicrous in the position of a President waiting, whilst that House is engaged in the peculiar process which it somewhat facetiously styles "organisation." He has had his message quite ready some days before the session commences; it is duly printed; copies are placed in the hands of the postmasters, for delivery to the newspapers immediately the telegraph announces its presentation to Congress; and, apart altogether from the natural impatience of a man to whom this is the only legitimate opportunity of defending his past conduct, and expounding his views for the future, to give to the world the elaborate document in which he has set forth his whole policy, it must be galling in the extreme to him to be the object of violent attack and misrepresentation, in that very assembly for whose convenience he is waiting, and incur the risk of a publication, by one of the many persons acquainted with its contents, of a premature and imperfect summary. If, indeed, there were any limit of time within which the House must organise, it might be fitting that the Chief of the State should bear with such fortitude as he can

muster an annoyance incident to his high station; but as the House can, if it so pleases, go on balloting without results for an indefinite period, and rather like the dead-lock, inasmuch it allows long speeches *de omnibus rebus*—and the pay runs on all the while,—Mr. BUCHANAN has done well to wait no longer, and force the House—as the delivery of his message will have the effect of doing—to elect its Speaker and go to work.

The message has lost much of its interest in this country, by the delay which has already taken place in its publication. Whatever interest we may feel in the internal politics of the United States, and their relations to Spain and Central America, we are of course much more concerned about our own dealings with them; and if there happens, as is usually the case, to be a “difficulty” between the two Governments somewhere, we are eager to learn what the President has to say about it. The paragraphs, therefore, which refer to the San Juan affair, would have possessed considerable interest whilst the results of General SCOTT’s mission were unpublished; but since it has become known that the question was in train for an amicable arrangement, the remarks of the President have lost their attraction. It is satisfactory, however, to have his distinct official announcement that there is no longer any fear of a collision between the forces of the two countries, and that the question has become the object of special negotiations. It would have been but right that Mr. BUCHANAN, whilst commending the forbearance of the British admiral, should have rebuked the temerity and insolence of General HARNEY; but it would, perhaps, be too much to ask an American President who has not entirely abandoned the hope of re-election to directly censure the hero of a class which exercises so potent an influence upon the elections. We are not at all surprised to be told that the differences arising out of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty are not yet adjusted. The same statement will be probably repeated in two or three future messages, since the difficulties in question depend partly for their solution upon arrangements with two or three of the petty republics of Central America, and have their sole origin in the repudiation by the United States of its own distinct engagements. They will probably prove again a pretext for stirring up the anti-English feeling amongst the Irish democrats of the north; but as something of that kind must be done every year, it is really better that the occasion should be a matter about which Englishmen certainly will never excite themselves, and, consequently, one which can by no chance lead to war. Upon the whole, the message is as friendly towards us as is consistent with the traditional style of such documents, and we may congratulate ourselves accordingly.

It is upon Spain that the weight of Mr. BUCHANAN’s denunciations falls. If we have been spared, it is only that she may be trounced more severely. There is a paltry sum of some 120,000 dollars, called the “Cuban claims,” alleged to be due to certain American citizens, for duties unjustly exacted from American vessels in Cuba about fifteen years ago, which always figures prominently in the presidential indictment against Spain, and is, of course, made much of by Mr. BUCHANAN. The claim may be a just one, but if settled at once Spain would obtain no relief. If Mr. BUCHANAN has any project which deserves the name of a policy, it is the acquisition of Cuba. He first directly proposed the scheme, has successfully traded upon it as a politician, and, having gained power, adheres to it. He is, therefore, at least, entitled to such merit as consistency in a bad cause may entitle him to. He recommended the acquisition of Cuba in the famous or infamous Ostend manifesto; he recommended it in his last message, and asked Congress to take the question into consideration—a request to which Congress very sensibly paid no attention. He repeats the recommendation and request in the present message. Of course the question is mainly one for Spain and the United States to settle by themselves. It may be as Mr. BUCHANAN put it in his previous message, that the geographical position of the island makes its acquisition necessary to the United States, while its possession is of little importance to Spain. It may be quite true that America is rich and Spain poor, and that the bargain would be a mutually advantageous one; and if they can agree upon terms, well and good. But it must not be forgotten that Mr. BUCHANAN has calculated upon the probability of Spain’s refusal, and propounded a policy to be adopted in that event. It will scarcely be for the interest of civilization and progress that the doctrines of the Ostend manifesto should prevail; and it may be useful, as some guide to the principles which influence the ruler of the United States, to repeat here the sentiments he expressed in 1854:—

“After we shall have offered Spain a price for Cuba far beyond its present value, and this shall have been refused, it will then be time to consider the question, Does Cuba in the possession of Spain seriously endanger our internal peace, and the existence of our cherished Union?”

“Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then,

by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain if we possess the power; and this upon the very same principle that would justify an individual in tearing down the burning house of his neighbour, if there were no other means of preventing the flames from destroying his own home.”

Perhaps the most important portion of the message is that which relates to Mexico. The President, after dwelling upon the outrages inflicted upon American citizens, asks Congress to pass a law authorizing him to employ military force against Mexico for the purpose of obtaining indemnity for the past and security for the future. Should the request be granted, that most unhappy country will be exposed to the horrors of invasion, as well as to those of civil war. It is scarcely possible, however, that things can be much worse than they now are; and it is becoming the conviction, even of those most averse to American filibustering policy, that the only hope for Mexico and Central America lies in their annexation by the United States. It is evident that such a consummation must come sooner or later; it is merely a question of time; and the sooner, therefore, the American Government introduces order and something like security, the better for the people and the world generally. The United States themselves have most to apprehend from such an acquisition; but if, in pursuance of what they deem their manifest destiny, they will even seek pretences for hastening it, it is not for us to attempt to stay them.

Mr. BUCHANAN’s domestic policy seems to be a vigorous support of Slavery, and a strong show of hostility to the Slave trade. The one event recorded in the message which fills him with joy is the recognition of Slavery by the Supreme Court as a fundamental, we might almost say necessary, institution of the Union. We can understand his satisfaction, as a strong pro-Slavery man, at this decision; but not his presumption that it will prove a final settlement of the question. As singular is his belief that the events at Harper’s Ferry will be the means of allaying existing excitement. The decision of the Supreme Court, and the Harper’s Ferry outbreak and its results, may prove that the law is on the side of the Slavery party, and that their opponents are rather hair-brained enthusiasts than practical politicians; but they no more dispose of the agitation, or cement the Union, than the pettiest election triumph gained by a democrat in one of the open States. They rather hasten the “irrepressible conflict,” and increase the danger of a dissolution of the “cherished Union.” The Federal law may be against the “Republicans,” but they will render it practically inoperative in the states in which they predominate; and the judicial declaration that Slavery is the keystone of the Union will lead many who were before friendly to it to desire its dissolution. The victories of the slaveholders are like those of PYRRHUS: another great one may prove their ruin. A cause like theirs cannot be maintained by aggression and propagandism; their hope lies in their own quietude, and the absurd excesses of their opponents. It is but consistent that the supporter of one kind of spoliation, in the shape of slavery, should be the advocate of that other, which takes the form of protection and prohibition. Nothing more natural, therefore, than the President’s recommendation to raise the import duties. Mr. BUCHANAN’s message is not one in which the friends and well-wishers of the great Republic, which, according to him, enjoys the “special protection of Divine Providence,” can find much satisfaction. It portrays her greedy for fresh territories, unscrupulous about the means of acquiring them, and all the while distracted at home by an agitation which threatens to find its solution in a disruption of the Union which has made her what she is.

MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

WE cannot wonder that Mr. BRIGHT’s organ should be extremely angry with the *Times* for comparing its hero to the “carcase of a defunct tabby” floating on the tide; but the criticism of an enemy, however unsavoury, is often valuable, and it would be well for the honourable member for Birmingham and his adherents to consider, not whether such an expression is justifiable, but what there has been in his conduct which may have suggested to an unscrupulous opponent so coarse an invective. From Mr. BRIGHT’s long prominence before the country, and his acceptance or assumption of the position of leader of the Reform party, it might have been reasonably expected that he would guide, not simply follow opinion—that he would rule the elements he had invoked, and prove master of the circumstances which, to some extent at least, he had produced. If these are recognised as the duties and attributes of a political leader, it will be impossible to read Mr. BRIGHT’s Birmingham oration without disappointment and regret. Delivered just before the meeting of Parliament, in a city famous for its services to reform, and by the man put forth as the champion of the un-

enfranchised, and the representative of middle class claims to a share in the power alleged to be unconstitutionally and mischievously wielded by the aristocracy—the time, the place, the office of the speaker, all conspired to give value to his utterance, and to invest it with public interest; in fact, to make it the manifesto and programme of the multitudes he is supposed to lead. And yet what is it, but an elaborate defence of the scheme which the Cabinet is conjectured to be maturing, not on the ground of its justice or its completeness, or its expansiveness, but on account of its moderation and of its not being liable to the charge of being an extreme proposition. While intimating a willingness to subside into the arms of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Mr. BRIGHT told his hearers that the expected measure would be more moderate than his own, more moderate than Mr. PITT's proposals seventy years ago, more moderate than a bill introduced by the late Lord GREY, and supported by Mr. FOX sixty years ago; more moderate than the bill or proposition made by Lord DURHAM about thirty years ago, and much on a par with the bill of Lord JOHN RUSSELL in 1852. In this enumeration Mr. BRIGHT thought proper to omit all reference to the plans of Mr. HUME, which for several years commanded a wide support in the House of Commons, and which were more feasible and practicable than his own schemes.

After these general remarks on the coming Bill, the speaker went on to say, that the county franchise might be regarded as settled at £10, but that there might be differences about that of boroughs. He thought a £6 rental franchise would rather more than double the electors of large thriving towns, such as Birmingham and Manchester; but in quieter towns the augmentation would be but small—in many cases not more than ten per cent. And this proposal he complimented as not being a very "destructive measure." In further illustration of this scheme, he said, there were one hundred and thirty-four boroughs returning one hundred and ninety-eight members, so small, that no extension of the suffrage would give them an adequate constituency. But, instead of using this argument for rejecting the expected Bill unless it should be accompanied by some compensatory clauses dealing with these nests of corruption, Mr. BRIGHT added: "I am quite sure that the men who dread a measure like this, who fancy that we are extreme in our propositions—though this, you know, is not our proposition—cannot really have examined it, or they would not say a syllable against it." After this came some arguments to show that Mr. DISRAELI ought not to object to such a Bill; then followed the praise of a residential qualification as superior to all others—some remarks on the evils suffered by rotten boroughs—and an intimation that Lord DERBY was willing to give an £8 suffrage; and it therefore was not likely Lord JOHN RUSSELL would only offer one based upon 20s. less rent. Following this came more proofs of the moderation of a £6 franchise, founded upon calculations of the millions of male adults it would exclude; and a comparison of his own Bill with that of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Assuming that each elector represented a family, the former would leave out twenty millions, and the latter twenty-two and a-half millions. How false, therefore, was the charge that either Mr. BRIGHT or Lord JOHN RUSSELL were immoderate men! The speech wound up, as usual, with an attempt to persuade the country that there was no occasion for national armaments—that the people in consenting to them were led away by "a red herring tied to a string," and deluded by the newspapers, "who don't give you a single fact that can be relied on."

We confess that this speech has not in any way surprised us. It is the natural end of the peculiar course Mr. BRIGHT has chosen. His own plans had nothing in them to rouse the hearts of the unenfranchised, while their reckless proposals for disfranchising small boroughs raised a host of enemies whom he had no power to meet. Still, it is somewhat humiliating to find a political general imitating GÖRGEY, and surrendering his army at discretion, and to see that after a series of field days and manœuvres the war is to be given up. If something less is to be taken now than Lord JOHN RUSSELL would have given in 1852, what value can we place upon the services and leadership of Mr. BRIGHT during the interval? Has he only promoted reaction, and, after declaiming against aristocracy almost as vehemently as the followers of MAHOMET denounced the unbelievers, is he going to settle down as lion's provider for a lordly chief?

We can understand that Mr. BRIGHT's admirers might read his speech as the utterance of a dream, and suppose that he had visited Birmingham in a state of somnambulism, and addressed his constituents under the delusion that he was a Tory minister, bound to resist democracy and prove the extreme moderation of his views; and it is easy to imagine the merriment of the opponents of Reform.

That Mr. BRIGHT will, after all, be a quiet follower of Lord

JOHN RUSSELL, we do not expect; but he seems too disjointed from the average opinions of either aristocracy or democracy to play the part of a great leader with vigour and success. There are thousands who gratefully remember his services to free trade, who admire his eloquence, and are willing to believe in the sincerity of his intentions; but he lacks moral dignity in his appeals to the heart of the country, and fails to commend himself to its intellect as a statesman upon whose wisdom it can rely.

THE SPANISH CRUSADERS.

THE Spanish army—a cigarette in every mouth, and a cross on every breast, according to the latest accounts still remains outside Ceuta*, in pretty much the same position that it did some weeks ago. The CID himself was never, we are told, so valiant as General ECHAGUE, the commander of their first corps—not even impassable roads check the fury of his chivalrous troops; no African drenches of rain damp the Spanish courage; no chilly flapping of tents disturb for a moment the brave men's sleep. Mindful of their enlightened country, their virtuous Queen, and their unpolled faith, even raw recruits from Basque rocks and Sevillian plains leap with joy to brave the Moorish matchlocks and the ugly Moorish poniards: but still, with all its lust for victory, one stubborn fact remains to be answered, and that is that the Spanish army does not move one step forward. It sings vaunting ballads; it brags; it lies; it flourishes about the crucifix, and defies the Infidel; but it does not move on. The dog is not a cowardly dog; but still it yelps very close to its kennel, and does not bite when it should.

Probably two out of every three of the readers of the *Times* (the Spanish advocate) do not understand whereabouts in Africa the Spaniards landed, or where their forces are at present stationed. One would really think, to read the glowing and absurd accounts of Spanish prowess (of how three Caçadores slew one Moor, to wit), that ALFONSO the BRAVE, CHARLES the FIFTH, or the Great Captain were again slitting Moorish gullets with the old chivalrous rapidity. Is it possible that after all these feats of valour, worthy of CHARLEMAGNE and his Paladins, the Spanish army still sticks close to the little Botany-Bay town that we garrisoned for them in the old French war, and that they demanded from us back after the Peace with such timid and suspicious haste?—"Alas!" as romance writers say, indeed it is.

Yes: there they are, the gallant crusaders, so confident of their cause, so distrustful of the Moor; their backs to the safe port of embarkation, with no foolish thought of cutting the bridge behind them, or burning the useful transport, à la JULIUS CÆSAR, in their gallant and prudent mind. They landed in their own port, and remain just where they landed—the brave hearts!

If the position of the army that vapours and squibs, but does not move on, is misunderstood by the English public, much more is the nature of the quarrel between the Moors and Spaniards unappreciated by our countrymen. Talk of NAPOLEON and unjustifiable invasions of Spain, why this Spanish invasion of Africa is twice as iniquitous. To say that centuries ago the Moors invaded Spain, is as ridiculous a cause of quarrel as if a Cork pig merchant to-morrow were to break an Englishman's head because Strongbow, some years ago, landed in that city, burnt a house or two, and put out the fire again in due time with savage drenches of Celtic blood.

Nor was Riff piracy any just cause for the war. The Riff pirates, it is true, are a cruel race of wreckers, who consider all cargo that comes to their iron-bound shore lawful flotsam and jetsam sent thither by a kind Providence. But Spain, almost without commerce, is the last nation that was required to take up arms on such a quarrel, if even indeed it were possible for any soldiers, unless they dropped from balloons to invade the Riff (Raff) men's inhospitable land; nor is the crime of those Mahomedan savages the fault of the Emperor of Morocco, who has but a nominal power amongst the wild races of the lower Atlas; nor indeed would shelling Tetuan vex the Riff men one bit, for they care no more for Tetuan than for Madrid.

The war, we repeat, is an unjust war, the result of greedy national vanity and the old bigotry that tortured the Low Countries, and under the wretch PHILIP soaked our England with good men's blood. It is a fresh outburst of the old volcanic fire of Papal intolerance that has so long done the devil's work in God's name, and devastated this world to prepare men for another. A whole herd of Papal bulls will be issued, no doubt; priests declaring, as they trample down the shores of Africa, that to butcher Moorish women and children, to burn the happy homes

* The latest rumours speak of the advance towards Tetuan. We doubt the rumour, for there are no roads; the cholera is in the camp, and the wet season comes on. The *Valle Negro* will be the "valley of the shadow of death" to some of these invaders if care is not taken.

of Moslems, to scorch up Infidel corn crops, to shell Moorish cities is Christian and holy work, and will secure Paradise for certain to all who leave their bodies on African soil; but the war will remain, for all this, as unjust as ever.

The real cause of this iniquitous invasion is, that the Moors, aggravated, justly, more and more at the Spanish forts reared upon their shore, and encouraged by the demoralization, cowardice, and degradation of this race of so-called Christians, have latterly grown more and more audacious in their attacks; many a camel load of Spanish heads has been lately driven into Fez—many a Spanish aggressor has been forced to plough the land he tried in vain to conquer; many a Spanish soldier, lounging over the embrasures of Ceuta or Melilla, has fallen back dead among his drowsy comrades, the just victim of some clumsy and despised Moorish matchlock. These attacks, growing in Melilla to a dangerous blockade, stimulated by hurt national pride, restlessness of an unused army, and a general desire for booty, have at last roused the indolent ministers, and lit up a war, inconsequential and foolish enough to be called “a modern crusade,” to end perhaps as crusades have ended before.

The *Times* correspondent, “coached” by Spanish officers almost as ignorant as himself of military matters, affects to laugh at the Moors, who cannot abide the bayonet, who are slow in firing, who wear dirty white robes, and carry antiquated arms. So laughed the Italian patricians when VALERIAN rode forth to chastise SAPHOR and the Persians; so sneered our journalists when English troops were sent to chastise the despicable Afghans, who slew us among their passes like sheep. To some men history teaches no lessons, and the past is a useless blank. The bravery of the Swiss, and the victories of the Tyrolese, afford no lessons to a degraded people, bent on chastising an old enemy, with whom from the days of King RODRICK they have never been at peace. Once the war was just; but from the time that the Cross rose above the Crescent on the red-bell-tower of the Alhambra, scaring the Moor from the rich plains that he loved so well and compared to those of Damascus, the Moor has once more got the right on his side.

The *Times* may deride the scantily dressed Moor, with his long cumbrous matchlock, and his fierce but undisciplined cavalry; but those who have seen the Moor and Spaniard side by side can laugh at the sophistries of a prejudiced reporter. The Moors, as competent observers assure us, are tall, stalwart, clean-built men, of unimpeachable courage and great strength. They dress light because of the burning climate, they are dexterous swordsmen and good shots. Some of their tribes are horsemen, fierce and skilful as the old Mamelukes or the murdered Janissaries—as superior to the ill-mounted Spaniards as our own Hussars are to our rustic yeomanry. They inhabit a country without roads, and which in the rainy season is impassable; in winter, rains, coming down in deluge rivers, will torment and cow the Spaniards; with the summer heat, a “dura cohors” of fevers will fight against the invaders, who will find their paltry artillery poor weapons against sun-strokes and the unseen blows of African malaria. Our readers, too, must remember that these Spaniards are not the Spaniards of the CID, or of FERDINAND and ISABELLA’s reign. They are the degraded, priest-ridden, demoralised subjects of a modern MESSALINA, sons of the men who fled from the French whenever bayonets were crossed—men who the Iron Duke always spoke of with disgust, as PETERBOROUGH had done before: “her officers the greatest robbers, her soldiers the greatest cowards”—men who to this day hate us for winning the victories they deny we won. The Moors, we must moreover remember, are men not enervated by civilization’s down bed; they are staunch believers in a pure Deism—in Morocco less than in Turkey corrupted by Mahomedan innovations; they fight for their wives, children, and homes; they know the country, and bide their time. Heat and famine will fight their quarrel, and drive the Spaniard to his ships. As for Moorish civilization, even its ruins in Spain are certainly grander than any Christian work existing in that country. The Alhambra, the Granada system of aqueducts, the Seville Giralda, are wonders of the world. What has Spain to show against these, but unfinished churches, arid plains, ugly palaces, and an impoverished people? But apart from such reasons for rebuking the Spaniard’s unjust contempt, let us remember with gratitude as Englishmen the kind relationships that have long existed between the Moors and ourselves. It is from them we get all the beef that keeps the blood warm round the hearts of English garrisons at Gibraltar. The Moors have been our true friends ever since we held that bone of contention. But for them, there have been times during French sieges when we should have been starved out over and over again.

Let us not imitate repudiating Spain’s ingratitude, and forget our “friends in need;” let the Spanish historians leave out all mention of our saving victory of Salamanca, but let us not forget

the friendly Moors and their timely cargoes of beef. That rock is a sore sight to Spanish eyes. There may come a day when Moorish beef will again be needed at “Gib,” and Tetuan will be the nearest place to get it. The motive is not a contemptible one. A man cannot face death on potted meats, and Moorish oxen will again be sought. Gibraltar—that fattens on Moorish trade, that lives on the money of Moorish merchants, and that depends on Barbary for food—has surely no reason for wishing to see the Spaniards victorious.

But if our conclusions are just, the Moors need no sympathy from us. They have right on their side and weapons in their hands. If their matchlocks are antiquated, their bullets can at least kill, and their enemies’ lead can do no more. The Spaniards have to drag their guns over a roadless country, where unlimited numbers of men will swarm around them, and cut them off piecemeal. A retreat from Moscow, with hot sand instead of cold snow, is before them, unless they keep prudently with one foot on sea and one on shore, their backs to Ceuta, ready to safely retreat when a single rout sends them panic-stricken to their ships. The Moors have all Africa at their back, the desert steeples of Atlas, the populous cities of Tetuan, Tangiers, and Fez to retreat to; they have broad plains for their troops of cavalry, mountain fastnesses for their matchlock men; they have provisions inexhaustible, and climate and disease ready to do their bidding. As long as the sea is open between them and Spain, we admit the Spaniards, even if defeated, with reasonable fortitude, are safe; but once let them get entangled in trackless passes, where cavalry cannot move or guns act; let them be once netted in a maelstrom of sabreing Moorish horsemen, howling, fierce, and irresistible; let their powder blow up or become immovable on some pathless rock, then will the fates of CRASSUS and of VARUS have their modern parallels; then will bragging cowardice and a desire for unjust conquest again meet its merited fate, and the Moors will for another generation be left alone by the Spanish crusader.

Englishmen, as free and brave men, respecting all people who fight for their own homes and own faith, whose children still weep over the sufferings of the Waldenses, and rejoice over NAPOLEON’s downfall in Russia, where AZRAEL, with his icicle javelins, smote his power to the heart, must sympathise with the invaded rather than the invaders. We have not now, like men of “Chepe” in RICHARD’s time, to exult in the Cross rising above the Crescent. Christianity was never spread by the sword. The religion that uses the sword to spread its doctrines must be a false one. We have no longer anything to fear from Mahomedanism; the jaw-teeth of that monster were broken out long ago at Lepanto; its claws were clipped by SOBIESKI; its navy got a moral lesson “between the eyes,” to use one of MR. KINGSLY’s metaphors, at Navarino; its Crescent will never grow to the full moon: but if anything could render dangerous and violent again the decrepit monster, it would be a persecuting and unjust war, such as Spain is now levying against the Moors.

MUSKETRY TEACHING AND ARMY REFORM.

IT is still a common notion that the chief danger of a soldier’s life in active service, arises from his liability to wounds and death from the hand of the enemy; and war looks dreadful to civil eyes in proportion to the destructive nature of the weapons employed. No opinions, however, are more fallacious. Sir GEORGE BALLINGAL quotes with approval the remarks of MR. ALCOCK, in his “Notes on the British Legion in Spain:” “That the period of smallest loss to an army is a victorious and vigorously prosecuted campaign, with frequent battles and much marching;” and every improvement in the efficiency of destructive implements has been marked by a diminution of the total loss on both sides. The Crimean War was no exception to these rules; the bulk of our losses arose from want of vigour and capacity in our generals and heads of departments;—and when the real fighting had to be done, although it was of the most murderous description while it lasted, it accomplished in a brief period results, which would have been obtained with greater delay, and at a heavier sacrifice, with inferior arms. Even in war, skill is beneficent, and ignorance the most cruel and destructive. The philanthropist may therefore look upon factories for the fabrication of rifles and Armstrong guns as benevolent institutions, and, without much violence to his imagination, regard instruction in musketry as the teaching of a Royal Humane Society for the preservation of human life. To diminish the sanguinary waging of war to the lowest possible point, and to do what must be done as scientifically as possible, is the problem of statesmanship applied to military affairs; and it is gratifying to know that our lumbering machinery of Horse Guards and War-office is moving, though slowly, in the right direction, and may, by adequate whipping-up on the part of the

public, be got on so far, that the British army shall be the healthiest in the world, and from its superior efficiency equal to a much larger number of any other force.

Under the old system, to which the official mind adhered with the devoted attachment of the limpet for the rock, no soldier was shot without the enemy on the average blazing away his weight in powder and lead; and if "every bullet had its billet," the vast majority were predestined to an innocent lodging in the earth. At fifty yards the volley from "Brown Bess" was a tremendous affair—at a hundred it might do more mischief; but at three or four hundred the heavy weapon, with its ounce of lead, was scarcely more alarming than the tin tube and the schoolboy's pea. Popular fancy supposed that a "soldier's musket carried a mile," a belief well matched by a cognate delusion on the power of artillery, and the capacity of the long light gun on the sward of Dover Castle to lodge its ball on Calais Green. By degrees these idle notions were dissipated, and the unpleasant fact was recognised, that the common fire-arm was only a slight improvement upon the longbow, and the official mind was oppressed, with what, to it, were nightmare dreams, of science contemptuously laughing at its folly, and ruthlessly ordering it to move on. It would be a sad history to tell of the rebuffs, the indifference, and the chicanery experienced for more than twenty years by the hapless class of inventors who besieged the anti-chambers of the Jacks in office; but at last the latter were got to admit, what Sir ISAAC NEWTON had told them a hundred and fifty years before, that a long projectile was better than a round one—and were driven to consider the kind of weapon that would send it forth. The new ideas have been slowly, and sometimes feebly and foolishly carried out; but they are working a complete change in the character of the British army, and must at last alter its whole constitution. The introduction of a scientific weapon required the provision of a skilled artisan to use it. An army of ignorant men, ruled by terror, and brutalized so as to become the appropriate victims of intemperance and fever, could not become clever judges of distance, and practically well up to angles of elevation, lines of aim, and trajectories of projectiles. Only a small portion of the old school of officers knew anything of the kind, but it was now found that an accurate but popular mathematics of musketry had to be taught, somehow, to the rough pupils whom the recruiting sergeant's ribbons and trickery had collected together with fife and drum. From the moment that the soldier had to learn something that exercised his intelligence the relation between him and his officers was improved. It was no longer enough that the latter should be of an aristocratic family and a good swearer; he had to teach, or at least take his share in the responsibility as to whether his men were taught or not, and from that hour those worthy companions, the cat and the purchase system, were doomed abominations, although likely to linger with nine-life pertinacity as long as they could.

The commanding officer of an exercise camp told us, no great while ago, that the effect of the musketry teaching was very remarkable in stimulating the men to desire further knowledge; their wits were awakened, and they wanted to think—a result eminently dreadful to the red-tape mind. As an illustration of the necessity for intellect in soldier craft, we may cite a passage from the Musketry Report just issued. After telling us that "accurate shooting at any given distance, from 100 to 600 yards, can be acquired by aim drill by all men whose vision is not impaired," the document goes on to say: "A good shot, however, at a given distance on the practice-ground, will be almost useless, unless he possesses sufficient intelligence to apply this purely mechanical shooting under all circumstances in the field. This he cannot do if he does not clearly understand all the rules which regulate the flight of his bullet, together with the curve of the trajectory at the several distances he may fire at, and is a fair judge of distances. It may be urged that we cannot command so high an order of intelligence in the ranks of the army; I am of opinion, however, that if the conditions contained in the prize regulations are fully acted on, and the spirit of those regulations clearly understood by commanding officers, a far higher standard of intelligence than at present exists will ere long be created." So says Charles Hay, Inspector-general of Musketry, and we fully agree with him; but will the intelligent men he requires for his musketry teaching put up with the army system? Will it long answer for the Horse Guards and War-office to invite skilled artisans to serve in the army for a pay which, after niggling deductions, amounts to about sixpence a day; to wear clothes made of devil's dust or other rubbish, and of an inconvenient pattern; to wear boots that leave their soles in the mud, and be dependent on a commissariat which sends the food to the wrong place; to be under officers appointed for anything but merit, or who have bought their positions without likewise purchasing the skill they demand; to be immured at Aldershot, or some such place, where they can learn no campaigning, as that sort of work is all done to their hand;

but where they can be kept far away from civil life, and lose their character of citizens to gratify mischievous officials who do not want a national army; and, finally, to be subject to the torture and disgrace of the lash for faults that may be more their officers' than their own?

It is plain that if science goes in at one end of the military system, folly and barbarism must go out at the other; and hence there is a moral as well as a material value in the new School of Musketry, and those who desire army reform will watch its teaching with the greatest interest. As might be expected from the peculiar constitution of our official mind, the process does not go on as fast as it ought; and on looking over the tables appended to the Report, we are struck by the number of cases in which delay has been suffered to take place. On colonial stations "not exercised" is a common notification; and in India, where the greatest exertions should be made, and where the much-be-praised Lord Clyde is supposed to enjoy plenary power, very little has been done, "for want of targets, musketry drill articles, and ranges, which have been applied for over and over again without success." The Inspector-general adds,—"Unless the officers controlling the departments for the supply of stores, &c. in India are instructed to give effect to the regulations on this subject, the efficiency of the service as regards musketry training must suffer considerably." We further learn that for the comfort of officers, who do not like the bother of improvements, no supervision has been arranged in India, and until that is provided the Inspector-general tells us the rifle training is not likely to be conducted with success. This little episode gives us a nice notion of army management in India. The officers conducting the store departments are not "instructed" to attend to their duties, and nobody looks after them because they are far away from England and its Argus-eyed press, and because it is a bore to work in a hot climate; and great folks can always get the thanks of Parliament without reference to the value of their work.

DISGRACEFUL ECONOMY.

NO one accustomed to watch the state expenditure of this country, can imagine what a penurious, money-loving, economical nation we really are. We never vote away, through our representatives, even so small a sum as a thousand pounds, without a long and deadly parliamentary struggle; and we are always on the alert to see that this money is made to go as far as possible, that proper records are kept of its consumption and application, and that these records are carefully audited to the smallest shilling and the minutest penny, by a well-appointed finance committee of the House. We never listen to the voice of any particular "interests" in Parliament (the military, naval, and aristocratical interests, for example, which number nearly two-thirds of the House), and allow them to direct an expenditure which enriches them out of the national purse. We never risk an experiment, especially in our dock-yard department, that is likely to result in a national loss; and our pension list, from its cheese-paring closeness, is pointed at with scorn and pity by neighbouring states. Our national debt of eight hundred millions is an unreal phantom; our annual budget of seventy millions is a distorted dream. The national coat is out at elbows; the national boots have been three times soled and heeled; and our Cabinet Ministers, except for their private property, would often be in want of bread. The liveries at the Treasury, and the salaries which go with them, would disgrace a third-rate mansion in a faded square; and nothing can show so strongly our lamentable state of poverty as the "volunteer movement," wherein the country is trying to do its own military work, because it cannot afford to pay fighting-men at the rate of fifteenpence a day. We are poor, but we are honest; and we have enough—at least, we think so—to pay everybody, if we can only get a little time. We have run up several bills that may be brought against us, but our books will show everything, as they have been remarkably well kept. We may have decorated the royal yacht, have whitewashed Carisbrooke Castle, and we may have adorned a musty, unused palace with stained windows and gothic pigstyes. We may have proposed and carried out an inquiry to investigate the cause of tooth-decay in the natives of Monte Video; have begun a Grecian portico to the chief Consulate building at New Granada, which we have never been able to complete; and we may have sunk a good deal of money in paying duties upon slaves. We may have exhibited an undue preference in the case of the Receiver-General of the duchy of Cornwall, in granting him compensation for the loss of duties on the coinage of tin. All these things, we admit, are unwise, but if we can obtain a common certificate (with protection) they shall not occur again.

Repenting, as we do, of these follies, there is one creditor that we

should certainly like to see paid in full, at the next parliamentary dividend meeting, if the state of the slender finances and the rules of the Court will allow it, which we can scarcely hope will be the case. We allude to Lady Franklin.

The late Arctic expedition (as everybody knows) was organised and carried out by the heroic energy and persevering determination of this lady; and brought to so successful, though so melancholy a termination (as far as the intelligence it brings us is concerned) by the judgment and seamanship of Captain McCLECKOCK. Every penny that has been paid for this expedition ought to come out of our national purse, without delay, without murmur, and without stint. Without pledging ourselves by saying that Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's expedition was wise or practical, we merely take it up on the broad ground that it was national in its origin and design, and that no individual or individuals, however nearly related to or interested in the lost explorers, should be allowed, for one moment, to step between the country and the performance of its duty. Successful as Captain McCLECKOCK's voyage of discovery has been, it has not accomplished all, and while any volunteers are ready to go out again, and while any member of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN's expedition, however humble, is missing or unaccounted for, the most bankrupt and penurious nation ought to squeeze out public funds to stimulate further search.

Unfortunately for Lady FRANKLIN and Captain McCLECKOCK, their work is eminently peaceful work, and the Court has little sympathy with that. Their work has no connection with wars and riot, with injustice and bloodshed, with annexation and national trespassing, and the sympathies of the Court are all engaged in these directions.

Pensions, decorations, banquets, and promotion, are all reserved for gun-shooters and sword-wielders, while the conductors of useful and humane enterprises are left to bury their heads unnoticed in sorrow and neglect. If the Hon. Mr. BRUCE (of China) or any other notoriety of the diplomatic gang, had arrived in London on the same day as Captain McCLECKOCK arrived with the "Fox," his ship (if he came in a ship), would not have been left rain-beaten in an obscure corner of a Thames dockyard; nor his crew (if he had a crew) have been scattered no man can tell where. The thousands who have visited this little Arctic vessel from motives of idle curiosity, have looked upon a monument of private heroism which is also a monument of national disgrace.

Whatever may be the state of the national finances (and we know that we are very poor), whatever may be feeling of the financial officers (and we know how uniformly careful they now are), the unobtrusive claims of Lady FRANKLIN, and those who worked with her, should be the first obligations satisfied in the session that is nearly here. Economy, in this instance, should make us hold down our heads in shame; especially when the long financial list of "Special and Temporary Objects" has exhibited—of course, in the dark ages,—so many melancholy records of folly, jobbery, and waste.

LORD MACAULAY: THE AUTHOR.

LORD MACAULAY was almost born an author. He was an author before he left college. The use of words was his vocation. He was a great master of language, and spoke and wrote equally well. When not speaking to others, he was generally speaking to himself. His writings have delighted the multitude and instructed the learned. They are admired wherever our language is understood—abroad, as well as in our colonies and at home. He began his career as a poet; he then became an essayist, and concluded as an historian. In each walk he was first-rate; but his essays are superior to his poems, and his history is superior to his essays. He improved as he went on, but in the opposite direction to BURKE, whose first work was the least florid of his writings, while the last was "ungracefully gorgeous." Lord MACAULAY's style was less ornate in his history than in his essays. It gained in conciseness, vigour, simplicity, and ease as he advanced in life; and the diffuseness we find in his history is more of matter than of manner. He had inquired too closely, he knew too much, and remembered too well. Our brief quotations last week would suffice to remind our readers of the style of his essays, and one quotation will show them the clear, succinct, business-like style of his history. It will show, too, the defective philosophy with which he is deservedly reproached. The merest tyro in political science now knows that the increase of wealth is the consequence, not the cause, of division of labour; which, in its turn, is the consequence of increase of population:—

"In the reign of William old men were still living who could remember the days when there was not a single banking-house in the city of London. So late as the time of the Restoration every trader had his own strong-box in his own house; and when an acceptance was presented to him, told down the crowns and the Carolines on his own counter. But the increase of wealth had produced its natural effect, the subdivision of labour. Before the end of the reign of Charles the Second a new mode of paying and re-

ceiving money had come into fashion amongst the merchants of the capital. A class of agents arose, whose office was to keep the cash of commercial houses. The new branch of business naturally fell into the hands of the goldsmiths, who were accustomed to traffic largely in the precious metals, and who had vaults in which great masses of bullion could be secure from fire and from robbers. It was at the shops of the goldsmiths in Lombard-street that all the payments in coin were made. Other traders gave and received nothing but paper. This great change did not take place without much opposition and clamour. Old-fashioned merchants complained bitterly that a class of men who, thirty years before, had confined themselves to their proper functions, and had made a fair profit by embossing silver bowls and chargers, by setting jewels for fine ladies, and selling pistols and dollars to gentlemen setting out for the Continent, had become the treasurers and were fast becoming the masters of the whole city. These usurers, it was said, played at hazard with what had been earned by the industry and hoarded by the thrift of other men. If the dice turned up well, the knave who kept the cash became an alderman: if they turned up ill, the dupe who furnished the cash became a bankrupt. On the other side, the conveniences of the modern practice were set forth in animated language. The new system, it was said, saved both labour and money. Two clerks seated in one counting-house did what under the old system must have been done by twenty clerks, in twenty different establishments. A goldsmith's note might be transferred ten times in a morning; and thus a hundred guineas locked in his safe, close to the Exchange, did what would formerly have required a thousand guineas dispersed through many tills, some on Ludgate Hill, some in Austin Friars, and some in Tower Street."

It must be noticed that, for such minute description, authorities on both sides are quoted, exemplifying Lord MACAULAY's great diligence in examining all the pamphlets and other writings of the day, on every subject which he thought worth a place in his history.

In such clear and graphic descriptions lies one of the great charms of his writings. Another is a vast number of biographical sketches, every one of which is a distinct gem; and, bound together, they make the most gorgeous chaplet ever woven by the hand of a literary man. His style charms, too, especially the educated, by the fulness of knowledge apparent in every line. His metaphors and illustrations are drawn from innumerable sources, and are all equally pregnant with instruction. He tells us that "he frequently wrote at a distance from all books and all advisers;" that "he trusted to his memory for facts, dates, and quotations," and that "he sent his manuscripts to the press without reading them over." As his after-dinner discourse was said to be "print," they must have been without erasure or amendment. None of his works have any marks of defect or any appearance of having been written in haste. Apparently, he never took a pen in his hand till he was quite sure of every word he meant to say; and from the moment of beginning, he rushed on like a conqueror. His style is clear, because he is always certain of his thoughts. He never doubts, and is never vague. He goes straight to his object, and writes as though he were giving the word of command. He is never affected, is untainted by conventional cant, and gives things their proper names. He speaks even bluntly, and sometimes verges on coarseness. His writing resembles the rush of cavalry, not the ambling of a gentle lady's steed. It is dogmatic, positive, overwhelming. Withal, it is very musical, and never tires. It is always fresh. He was perhaps the best read, the most learned Englishman of the age, after the death of Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, and he was one of the greatest masters of the English language that ever used it.

He died comparatively young, but he had done a great deal of work. True, he lived three years longer than Shakespeare, but in quantity the result of his labour is far greater than that of the most illustrious of our poets. He started into public life a thoroughly educated man, and seems to have taken nothing in hand which did not succeed. Forty years nearly he worked continuously and successfully, and, combining quantity with quality, we doubt whether any man ever wrote so much and so well. He was one of the most remarkable men of letters who have appeared in our country.

All the subjects on which he wrote were important, and chiefly political. His ballads were not of love nor of individual adventure, but of the great events and battles of ancient and modern times. He delighted in writing of famous men: Milton, Machiavelli, Cromwell, Clive, Hastings, Bacon, are only a very few of those whose characters he elaborately described. His themes were all worthy of his noble language. The modern history of his own country was the one great work to which all his other writings appear to have been preparatory; and it was commenced, having probably been planned while he was yet young, on a scale that would require the life of the longest-lived man to complete it. We cannot, however, regret its minuteness, though peculiarly adapted for special histories, since it has made us better acquainted than ever with the conduct and character of our ancestors. It has set an example, too, of how history should be written, which will never again become a mere account of misruling princes.

When we have ascribed to him an admirable style, an excellent choice of worthy subjects, a clear method of treating whatever he undertook, great diligence in his preparations, and the acquisition of knowledge beyond that of other men, we have

nearly exhausted his merits. It is the boast of his admirers that he walked by the constitution. He stood by the practices of our ancient monarchy, instead of consulting "natural rights." He honoured old barbarism more than new civilization. Than other enlightened men, he served whig government more and God less. "He did not waste his powers on the barren subtleties of metaphysics." He was therefore not a philosopher, not a profound thinker, not a guide for the future, however clearly he might have known and described the past. He was in this respect far inferior to BURKE, who, if a worse apostate than Lord MACAULAY, was a great political improver, and has been, and is yet a guide to statesmen.

The early provision acquired by the noble lord, his connexion with the Whigs, which we have already said was a misfortune for him, injured his literary character. It could not give him a taste for the drudgery of business; it did not make him an administrator,—it debased him into a party writer. It is quite true, as a contemporary remarks, that a unity characterizes the whole of his life and writings, but it is the unity of whig principles. He was too well informed to sink below whig professions, and he dare not soar above whig practice. At college, probably, he discarded what is ordinarily called faith; and faith in constitutions or political parties is an unknown sentiment. Men may hope for reward from them—they can only have faith in nature or revelation. For an educated and literary man to disregard metaphysics, and turn aside from abstractions, to believe only in constitutions and administrations, is to fall into scepticism of the worst kind, and have no hope but of political advancement or pecuniary greatness. Lord MACAULAY had a wonderful intellect, but he had not faith even in that, and he had no enthusiasm.

We have little knowledge of Lord MACAULAY's private life. He was a rich bachelor, and the world does not teem with stories of his generosity. He gave a few books to a philosophical society in Edinburgh, of which he had been chosen president. He is said to have rendered a great service to his friend Mr. BLACK. He did nothing that we ever heard of to promote, like Lord BROUGHAM, self-education amongst the people. From first to last he appears to have been eminently self-seeking, and even took a peerage less as a means of serving his country than as giving him dignity with ease. The *Athenæum* says, that "his kindness to men of letters was above price. His gifts of money in beneficence were on a scale far beyond that of his fortune." There is the greater merit in this, as neither the noble lord nor any other person has informed the public of his good deeds. We at least have never heard of them, and mention them with satisfaction on the authority of our contemporary.

His early and his continued success obviously increased the arrogance which seems to have been part of his nature. Instead of recognising in the loss of his seat for Edinburgh a just punishment for his tergiversation, he regarded it as an insult, and was angry, not convicted and humbled. He was not even impressed with a sense of his own fallibility by an admission of error. He treated Mr. MILL, the historian of British India, with an "acrimony" of which he became so sensible that he refused to republish the essays in which it was infused. He wrote so virulently against the editor of MACKINTOSH's History of the Revolution, that on republishing that essay he softened many passages, and some he wholly omitted. He applied to what he supposed to be literary offences "language which should be reserved for crimes." This did not prevent him, however, from attacking very furiously in the preface to his speeches in 1854 the editors and reporters of them, who had the misfortune to commit errors quite venial compared to his acrimonious abuse of two distinguished authors. "He seems to suffer," was said of him at that period, "the arrogance of success, and to be enamoured of the instrument that has produced it. He has a prodigious admiration of words, and a vivid detestation of small errors. He speaks jocularly of a man 'being allowed a fair time to choke before the hangman began to grabble in his entrails;' and he sets no bound to his indignation against a printer who had misprinted Bennet for Burnett, and against the editor who defaced the fragment by MACKINTOSH. What remains of his remarks show an irritation far beyond reason; but originally they must have been terrific. They were so violent that he was himself ashamed of them, and cancelled them. Deeply in love with mere style, Mr. MACAULAY sometimes sacrifices, as in this case, truth and generosity to a vindictive and arrogant vanity." In two instances, at least, his arrogance got the better of his judgment, and, had he lived a few years longer, he might have been as much ashamed of the acrimonious preface to his speeches—a proof of excessive vanity, wounded by a trifle—as he was of his attack on Mr. MILL and the editor of MACKINTOSH.

He was undoubtedly first of his kind, but his kind is not

the first. He was not a philosopher, nor an inventor, nor a great poet, in all of whom the true essence of greatness is identical. They are all discoverers, and all make discoveries, some of mind and others of matter, by means of reflection. They receive approbation for making known something new and good. Every subject Lord MACAULAY wrote about was known before. He has not even the merit of NIEBUHR, or other diligent pokers into antiquity, of turning up the evidence of a forgotten condition of mankind. He has reproduced, repaired, and beautified the recently passed; brought again before this generation images of their immediate predecessors, which implies the absence of discovery. He originated nothing grand nor good. He has fixed his name on no memorable change. His improvements are confined to the instrument he used. He polished our language.

Some of his novel readings of history are of doubtful truth. We acquit him of being actuated by anything worse than party motives when he dethroned two or three popular idols. He diligently consulted records, and believed what he said of MARLBOROUGH and PENN. For a man who wrote so much on events and individuals his errors are marvellously few. Even these, as it has been admitted by one of his impugnors, it required a combination of talents to detect. He did not confess his errors. What party writer or what politician ever did? Did Lord MACAULAY ever bring Mr. CROKER, another party writer, to a confession? We are not disposed to exaggerate Lord MACAULAY's errors; but we know that on political subjects his party predilections continually led him astray. May we not say as much for Mr. CROKER's aberrations? That we can ask such questions, and for one moment place Mr. CROKER in the same category as Lord MACAULAY, shows that his kind is not the foremost. He was a capital literary artist; he was not a first-rate man. If he might have been, he was not one of the heroic race.

As he is now entombed in Westminster Abbey, why should not Mr. CROKER have had a like honour? Why should it not be deemed in due time, though we hope not for a long time, to Mr. DICKENS and Mr. THACKERAY, and Mr. CARLYLE? That they have held up official humbug and kingly knavery to just execration, though a heavy disqualification in the eyes of whigs and tories, will be a recommendation in the eyes of the advancing democracy. Where CANNING lies—the heartless tory jester, who through his life mocked at degradation and sufferings caused by tory misrule—Lord MACAULAY may, indeed, deserve a niche of honour. It has been remarked (not quite correctly) that no conservative was present at his funeral. But it may be asked, would any whig have done a like honour to Mr. CROKER? At the end of their lives the two men stood nearly on the same political platform, and the right-minded public will probably think the unscrupulous consistent torism of the one quite as honourable as the apostasy of the other.

That Lord MACAULAY was raised to the peerage merely for literary labour is less a proof of great merit, than of the progress of the democracy to whose pleasure he ministered. But if Westminster Abbey be opened to all who hereafter gain applause by exquisite writing, the qualification is becoming, now that all can write, so widely spread, that the area of the Abbey must be greatly enlarged. Otherwise it may fall under the notice of the Right Hon. Secretary for the Home Department, and, like any overcrowded churchyard in the heart of the metropolis, be shut up by his authority as a nuisance.

REFORM.—THE CLAIM OF CHELSEA.

WE do not think the question of the Borough Franchise will be, after all, that on which parties will probably come to issue before Easter. Mr. BENSON, instructed by the Carlton, we presume, told the people of Reading the other day, that the Tories were prepared to bid an £8 occupation suffrage in towns, which would be equivalent to the rating recommended by Mr. WALPOLE and Mr. HENLEY last year. The Whigs, on the other hand, are committed to a £6 occupation franchise; and to this they will be held, as a matter of good faith, by the Radicals who helped to hurry them into power, and whose defection (not to name hostility) would leave them to the mercy of their hereditary rivals. Sooner than accept the responsibility, fatal to them, of attempting again to deal with the Reform question, the followers of Lord DERBY would yield at the eleventh hour on the point referred to; or they would endeavour to get the House of Lords to propound some scheme of compromise whereby the matter would be settled. As for the £10 county suffrage, there is about that no longer any dispute; and the ballot, by general consent, is to be suffered to stand over till a more convenient season.

There remains, however, the serious question of the re-distribution of seats. The anomalies that were permitted to survive

the first revision of constituencies in 1832, and those which have since grown up, are so startling and so scandalous, that it is vain to hope for any political rest until they shall have been rectified.

Take the case of Chelsea, for example. Within the confines of the extensive parish of St. Luke, a great town has slowly but steadily risen up. Every portion of the region, once orchard, meadow, or marsh, is now covered with human habitations. Of these there are 8250, forming *one-and-twenty miles* of streets, and rated in the county assessment at £234,000 a-year. Here, then, is an amount of rateable property—all of it of a town, and none of it of a county, description—three or four times as large as that of half the boroughs in the kingdom: yet these continue to send representatives to Parliament, while Chelsea is forbidden to send even one. For it is a mere mockery to say that, being included in the county of Middlesex, it has a reasonable share in the election of Messrs. HANBURY and BYNG. The present constituency of the county is upwards of fourteen thousand; while the total number registered for 1860 in respect of property in Chelsea is but six hundred and sixty-four. Nor would the reduction of the county franchise, with or without the division of Middlesex, as proposed last session, satisfy in any sense the reasonable requirements of the people. They are not a rural, they are an urban community. There is no one essential of industrial life in common between the two. The broad distinction between town and county representations is as old and as marked as the constitution itself; and, if ever there was a case for its application, it is here. The citizens of Chelsea would naturally regard such a proposal as the offer of a mere make-believe, in lieu of a substantial benefit; and their discontent at the signal injustice of which they would be the objects, would remain as bitter as before.

But if the claim of Chelsea be strong in point of property, it is still stronger on the score of population. No fewer than 70,000 persons dwell in the 8250 houses that constitute the large unrepresented town we have described. A more intelligent or industrious community does not exist. There are no great factories, indeed, with their loosely-collected bodies of dependent workmen; but an infinite variety of employments occupy the physical energies of the many, and the intellectual attention of the few. There is, besides, a numerous class of individuals who live upon the incomes they have realised, for the most part, by commercial pursuits elsewhere; and who, possessing leisure and independence, are especially qualified to exercise a right electoral power. Schools are numerous, and well maintained. Benevolent institutions of all kinds abound; and places of religious worship, erected, with one exception, by voluntary contributions, are many and well filled. Liable to the faults and errors that beset us all, it can, at least, be said in their behalf that they are politically stainless, and electorally uncorrupt. Are Harwich and Gloucester, Norwich and Wakefield, Pontefract and Dover to retain the privilege they have so shamelessly abused, and shall a new and unsullied community be left to mingle indistinctly in the crowd that throng the county hustings? If there be no hardship or injustice in thus confusing dissimilar callings, habits, and interests together, why not pass a general law, that whenever a borough constituency was found to be corrupt, its punishment should be to let its voters sink into the mass of county electors, who, it may be supposed, are too numerous to be bribed. This might be a clumsy sort of remedy, but, at all events, it would possess the merit of being impartial, if not critically just. The manner in which Chelsea has hitherto been treated is precisely the reverse, for its inhabitants are denied the separate representation which the most venal towns in the kingdom retain; and this privation continues to be inflicted without the shadow of imputation or suspicion. If the forthcoming Reform Bill be good for anything, it will assuredly put an end to an anomaly so flagrant as this.

M. BASTIAT.

IT has long ago been remarked that man is placed under the empire of pleasure and pain, which woe him on from birth to death; and guide him from evil to good, from wrong to right. All consciousness is either one or the other, and man would discard the most profound knowledge as worse than worthless were it always painful, and would hug for ever to his bosom the shallowest error, did it never give him a pang. In this system pain precedes pleasure, and goads man on to secure enjoyment; appetite stimulates labour, and labour supplies abundance. Painful doubt or restless curiosity urges inquiry, and ends in knowledge. The rule is general. Want of some kind or other is the spur to all exertions. To lessen distress, to relieve poverty, to diminish disease are at present and for ever the objects of watchful philanthropy. The precedence of pain or want in the system, necessarily rivets attention first on it; its pleasurable or useful consequences are only ascertained by assiduous and careful observation. We are slow to learn that from

hunger and want, and doubt and suffering, spring all the wonders of industry by which man has fertilised and adorned the earth, and all the knowledge he has gained of the heavens. The persons who devote themselves to making such observations and ascertaining the consequences of the exertions of individuals to avoid pain, study social or political economy: they often incur reproach, because they have not yet discovered and classified all the consequences of the universal pursuit, and differ amongst themselves in describing them. From this circumstance, combined with the abstract nature of the subject, the progress of the public in this useful knowledge has not been great, and the pain or suffering that always impels exertion is ever better known, and ever more continually present to the mind of all, than the beautiful and wonderful social harmonies which result from the exertions it calls forth.

To describe these, and trace the steps by which they are brought about, is the object of the last work, "*Harmonies Economiques*," of the late M. FREDERIC BASTIAT, the last and the greatest of the political economists of France.* In our language a literal translation of the title would give rise to misunderstandings, and therefore we call these harmonies social rather than economical, our term more truly expressing the great object of the work than the term employed by the author. To describe the social harmonies which result from each individual exerting himself to get rid of pain, avoid suffering, and secure enjoyment, is the purport of M. BASTIAT'S work.

Truly wonderful, when brought under our notice, do we find these results. Taking the first example M. BASTIAT refers to, but adapting it to our day and country, let the reader carry back his views to the time when the late Lord MACAULAY, the son of a merchant trading to Africa, was a student at Cambridge. He obtained there subsistence, clothing, lodging, books, instruction, diversions—in short, a multitude of things, the production of which required the labour of a considerable number of persons in different places, and through a considerable period. In return for the immense services of which he enjoyed the fruits he could render no services whatever. He was in training to render services hereafter. How, then, came it about that the many men whose labours produced the things he enjoyed resigned them to him? The explanation is familiar. His father had property—had many years before performed some similar labours for merchants or princes in Africa, and in return had obtained, in the shape of hard cash or stock warrants, a right to requite at his convenience that the services of other men should be rendered to his son. Society—or those labourers who supplied the wants of his son—paid him for labour performed long before. If we follow in thought the course of the many transactions which intervened between services rendered years before in Africa and young MACAULAY nourished and taught at Cambridge, we shall see that every person who took part in performing them, including, of course, the planter who grew the cotton and the spinner and weaver who manufactured it, of which the youth's shirts were made, had been duly paid for his labour. A right to claim services accrued in Africa, passed in succession from hand to hand, sometimes in wholesale masses, at others in retail fractions, till the consumption by the youth and the services of the father to society were fairly balanced. Over such results penal and civil laws have obviously very little influence. They are specimens of similar results and similar harmonies to be found in every part of society, and these it is the business of political economists to ascertain and describe.

Dr. WHATELY has given an admirable description of the manner in which London, with a fluctuating population, is continually subsisted—the daily supplies of each article being so nicely adjusted to the wants of the people, that there never is any considerable waste, nor any risk of famine. All this great work is done by producers, wholesale and retail dealers studying only their own private interest—driven, in fact, by their own wants, and watching attentively the wants of others. The daily supply of the metropolis implies the daily continued labour of Chinese, of negroes in the West Indies, of slaves in the United States, and of men in almost every part of the world, and engaged in almost every known species of industry. The whole is the result, as Dr. WHATELY says, of the benevolent design of Providence, and he doubts whether rational free agents thus made to co-operate, by motives addressed to the will, in a system indicating beneficent wisdom, be not more admirable than the arrangements of the material world formed by corporeal particles acted on by gravity and impulse. When we remember, as M. BASTIAT would remind us, that every one of the industrious persons in every part of the world, who every day contribute to this great result, is duly paid for his services in spite of restrictive tariffs and falsified coinage, and can in turn satisfy his own wants by labouring to satisfy those of others, distant in time and place, the phenomena cannot fail to excite wonder and reverence. In truth, they are so wonderful, that, were they not made practically familiar to us by the impulse of want before we are driven by curiosity to investigate them, we should be lost in astonishment, and probably give ourselves up to worship and cease to work. Wonder would absorb the mind and extinguish the species. This is another specimen of the many social harmonies which M. BASTIAT explores and explains.

Such results can only be brought about by exquisite mechanism, which is properly called "*the natural organization of society*." In this great machine the main-spring is individual want, each wheel or pinion being capable of learning, comprehending, reasoning, labouring, erring,—discovering his error, and so rectifying and im-

* *Harmonies Economiques*, par M. FRED. BASTIAT. Paris, Guillaume et Co.

proving the mechanism of which he is a part. NEWTON, it is said, after he ascertained the great law of attraction, never pronounced the name of the Deity without uncovering his head. Agreeing entirely with Dr. WHATELY, M. BASTIAT says: "In proportion as intelligence is superior to matter, so is the social world superior to the world which NEWTON admired, for the celestial mechanism obeys laws of which it is not conscious. How much more reason then have we to bow our head before the eternal wisdom, when we ascertain the consequences of the social mechanism? In it the universal idea prevails, *mens agitat molem*; but in it, moreover, is this extraordinary phenomenon, that every atom is an animated being, endowed with that marvellous energy, the principle of all morality, of all dignity, of all progress—LIBERTY, the exclusive attribute of man." Not endorsing every word in this passage, believing that we are not entitled to say positively that matter is not conscious of the laws it obeys, we quote it as indicating the leading object of M. BASTIAT's great work.

His political economy has a much wider scope than the political economy of our writers. It includes all wants, all exertions, and all gratifications, except those which fill the delightful regions of sympathy. At the same time, the principles which prevail in it are few. Want gives birth to exertion, and the gratification is the reward. Want, exertion, and gratification all centre in the individual, and as the exertion is only made to have the gratification, if this be intercepted the reason for making the exertion ceases. This shows the origin of property, which, as Mr. McCULLOCH says, has a deeper foundation than the law of the land. A parent makes exertions to supply his offspring's wants as well as his own; hence property (not including land) without the intervention of law, passes from parents to children. But parents and children form a family which has common wants and a common means of satisfying them. Families form a community, communities make up the whole of human society. As the individual is born in a family or makes part of a family, so all the individuals of the race are born in society, and all have a common means of satisfying wants. Born in a family men cannot be otherwise than gregarious. All are subject to similar wants, which stimulate exertions common to all. They begin in a family, extend to a community, and from one community to another. We are thus all created to help one another, and what is called division of labour shows how the law operates. It is the natural results of man being born in a family. Now observation has taught us that the consequence of the common exertions dictated by common wants, is that a vast abundance of things are produced which an isolated man could not possibly produce, and each one now consumes more, or obtains more in a single day, than, by his unaided exertions, he could obtain in ten centuries. Population, however, is continually increasing; the help or services of the mass for each individual increases as the mass increases, and so, helping each other, the power of multiplying enjoyment increases with population. This is another great harmony, the result of painful wants prompting to individual exertion.

Throughout society the wants and exertions common to the most distant people lead them, in process of time, by trade or exchange to serve each other, just as the members of a family and of a community serve each other. Their mutual services are every day paid or rewarded by their mutual exchanges of one commodity—the representative of one service—for another. All are served; and remark, that great as is unfortunately the destitution of many individuals in our political societies, from political causes, the poorest beggar, the merest pauper, unless absolutely starved to death, has more gratifications than any isolated individual, or even than sparsely-scattered savages, can command. Throughout society one design is apparent; it is carried out in all its parts by similar motives, or one and the same exquisite mechanism.

Such is a brief notice of M. BASTIAT's principles, and we are glad to see that a translation of his work is announced by Mr. MURRAY. Though the author did not live to complete it, the translation, if reasonably well executed, cannot fail to improve our political economy. It will enlarge the views both of writers and readers. M. BASTIAT's great merit is to substitute man in his dissertations for commodities, and to represent all exchanges to be of services, not merely of money—a mere measure of services; nor of goods, a mere means of gratification. We doubt, however, whether M. BASTIAT is quite true to his own principles, when he speaks somewhat slightly of the English philosophers for attending exclusively to wealth. If that be considered as it ought to be, merely as an index to well being, in a system so harmonious every single part must be, like any one bone of an animal in the hands of an OWEN, a clue to the whole.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

THE schoolmaster, we all know, is abroad. The object however of his peregrinations at this particular period, is not the destruction of ignorance, but the acquisition of scholars. The pupil-hunting season is at its height. When we behold a group of young children disporting themselves merrily at some Christmas party, we look upon them with the same feelings of pity as we watch a bevy of young partridges whirling through the air, on some late sultry August day. Poor hapless innocents, little do they wot of their impending fate, of the snares that surround their infant footsteps. In the ignorance of childhood they never dream that a hundred hungry pedagogues are prowling around them, seeking whom they may devour, that whole columns of *The Times* are filled with snares laid for their capture and undoing, and that at this very moment, contracts are being made with butchers for tons of shin-

beef, Latin grammars are being bought wholesale at trade prices, and birch twigs are being collected in the fields, all for their especial benefit.

We have heard a great deal of late about the dignity of tuition, and the high moral purport of an educational career. We have had valedictory dinners, congratulatory speeches, enthusiastic letters, elegant articles in academic journals graced with classical allusions, and to crown all, a serious discussion in the public prints as to the exact degree of moral turpitude of some score of lads some fifteen years ago, and the consequent amount of credit due to the Educational Cæsar who came, and saw, and conquered the Harrovian savages in the year of grace 1841. The worst, however, that can be said about this demonstration, is that it has something of the "teapot and tempest" character. If, in like manner, our tailor chose to send us a sentimental circular, informing us that he was about to retire from business, and that when he first took up the scissors he had firmly resolved to lay them down at the expiration of a stated period, following therein the rule which his great predecessor, STULTZ, had set before himself, but had been prevented by fulfilling by a premature fate: well, we should think the exhibition rather an absurd one, and if we did not subscribe to a testimonial to his sartorial merits, we should most confidently expect this gush of sentiment to be followed in a few days by a lawyer's letter, asking for an immediate settlement of our small account. Still, in this world, it is always well to look upon the actual as well as the æsthetic view of things. There is a material and monetary side to the educational question, which "parents or guardians" especially are painfully conscious of. By some twist in our moral nature, we never hear of "religious, moral, and classical" instruction, without thinking of the mystic figures £ s. d., and a schoolmaster's account. Classics stand for pounds, morals are the shillings, and religion—poor religion—is the copper penny.

This base utilitarian view of ours is always confirmed at this season of the year by an inspection of the advertising columns in our daily papers. At first sight, everything seems so pleasant. We wish that we were boys again, to enjoy the delightful intercourse of one of the thousand happy homes that would then be standing open to receive us. The royal road has, indeed, been discovered to learning, if not to wealth. Our wonder is no longer how any one acquires knowledge, but how any one escapes acquiring it. We have often thought that the "Curiosities of Educational Literature" would form an instructive volume. The most wonderful reflection about all these scholastic advertisements is, that they are intended for the eyes, not of children, but of parents who have been to school themselves, who have been in their own day crammed, and bullied, and birched. One would as soon expect a clown to believe in a transformation scene, as imagine that the father of a family could believe in an establishment which "unites scholastic discipline with the tender nurture of home." Our scepticism cannot, it seems, be generally admitted, or else this class of school advertisements would not be inserted; and, in consequence, a somewhat curious light is thrown upon the character of the English middle classes, by the kind of announcements which induce them to commit their children to the care of strangers.

We happen to have a copy of a recent *Times* before us; and merely casting our eyes down the columns of school advertisements, we take two or three at hazard.

We have altered the names, not to inflict an unintentional injury on any particular establishment; but any of our readers may convince themselves that our extracts are fair ones, by taking up any paper he likes at this season of the year. "At an established school, in a delightful locality," we learn that "young gentlemen are boarded, and instructed in the classics and French, with all the branches of tuition calculated to form the 'man of business,' and essential to the accomplishment of a sound, useful, and commercial education." The grammar of the above sentence is not very correct, and the phraseology somewhat indistinct; but then the charge for all this is only twenty-six guineas a year; and one really cannot expect to have everything.

The next advertiser goes in for cheapness. His terms are £20, (pounds not guineas). His school is highly respectable, his grounds are spacious, his diet liberal, and his instruction "includes the essentials of a first-rate education." Balaclava Lodge, in spite of its martial name, appeals to the sympathies of mothers. Here, we are delighted to learn, that "the pupils enjoy the benefit of maternal care, as Mrs. BUSBY undertakes the superintendence of the domestic arrangements. Constant attention is paid to health and comfort, and the ease and pleasures of home are combined with the regularity of school life." OMEGA informs anxious parents that "his system of education is emulative, and such as to ensure a desire to improve, without the dread of correction;" and also that "omnibuses run three times a day from the 'Green Man and Still' to within five minutes' walk of his academy." "A clergyman who educates a limited number of gentlemen's sons," has happily a few vacancies. The situation of his school, or rather home, is beautiful, remarkably healthy, and possesses advantages rarely to be met with. "A solid education, based upon sound religious principles, parental care, and the comforts of home may be relied on." We are not surprised to observe that this opening is peculiarly recommended to the attention of widows having sons to educate. We feel a suspicion too, of the gentleman who makes "amends for lost time," and can in his own language "receive a few pupils or introduce a visiting tutor, for a system, which by the highest references, wins the interest of the least willing, securing success for a proposed examination." Our admiration, however, is most of all excited by the wondrous promises of Mr. HIGHLIGHT HIGGS, the owner and master of Arundel College,

Hants. Besides resident professors of high eminence, the Principal himself "bestows assiduous attention in proper examinations, and in teaching the Greek and Latin classics, and communicating instruction in the mathematics, navigation, fortification, land surveying, botany, and agricultural chemistry, with courses of lectures, illustrating, by the use of his valuable collection of machinery, the chemical and physical wonders of modern science." The maternal care of Mrs. H. is not wanting. The soil is dry and gravelly; the park is beautiful, "adorned by fine groves of walnut and chesnut trees, and pleasant garden grounds, with a rookery, fish-pond, and meandering trout-stream. It is sheltered from bleak winds by a picturesque range of hills, which terminate near the Marchioness of FALLOWLAND's residence." There is a touch of real genius about this allusion to a Peeress which gives an air of aristocratic romance to the whole establishment. What a blissful thought it must be to the parents of young BROWN, or JONES, or JENKINS, to reflect that some fair daughter of the peerage may catch sight of their lovely boy fishing on the banks of the meandering trout-stream. Who knows what might be the consequence? We feel that the force of even pedagogical invention can rise to no higher flight, and drop the paper.

This question about schools and schoolmasters must be a very pressing and anxious one to many parents at this time of year. We are afraid the only advice we can give them, is to use the same rules about purchasing tuition as they would about purchasing any other article of trade or luxury; to pay, in fact, a good price for a good article; to distrust puffing instructors, and to look suspiciously at pedagogues who talk about the dignity of their office, and profess to be more than honest traders in honest teaching.

RIFLE CLUBS.

IN advocating the formation of these clubs, reference is often made to the times when most Englishmen bore arms, and the bow was a deadly instrument in almost every hand. But before concluding that the rifle can become in this age what the bow was to our ancestors, a little consideration is needed. When the bow was in general use, the habits and employments of the people were very different from what they now are. Settled occupations were then rather the exception than the rule. War was what work now is. In hunting or warfare, the bow was to those who bore it but what any necessary tool is to the modern workman. People engaged in the irregular pursuits pertaining to a rude state of society, could devote much of their time to exercises of an irregular kind. Moreover the bow was an inexpensive weapon, and the other accoutrements were not necessarily uniform.

In these days, all this is changed. The employments of the people are more regular in every respect. The majority are found in shops, factories, warehouses, &c., toiling day by day, hour by hour, at businesses allowing but little intermission, and no irregularity. Farming is reduced to continuous work, instead of being carried on by "fits and starts," as formerly. Whether this machine-like process of modern life be not carried to excess is a question, but our object now is to remind our readers that it exists, and is unfavourable to the introduction of anything likely to interfere with its existence. Chiefly, no doubt, in consequence of the public being so engaged, whatever pertains to the protection of the nation or the preservation of the peace, either in its domestic or foreign aspects, has become less and less the business of the community, and more especially the business of the Government. The old constabulary has been replaced by a police force, sufficient in itself to form a powerful army on any emergency. This force is well disciplined, equipped, and officered; and, in not too few cases, is under the direct control of the central Government. The army and navy have also been prodigiously developed; and, leaving the Government absolute authority to keep these great powers in order, the country has kept back no cost, whenever they required supporting. Evidently, then, it is not considered the business of the people to take upon themselves to interfere with the national armaments, or to provide for those duties which even the distribution of labour has assigned to special management.

We have not pointed out these things as proof that rifle clubs are not required, but in order to help in elucidating the true duties and difficulties of the case. Those who read history, and reflect upon it, or those who look carefully into the mechanical life of modern society, will generally agree that the athletic and military habits of our ancestors, reproduced and modified according to our present circumstances, would be a great national blessing. Military organization and exercise would tend to make our population more vigorous and healthy, and would remove much of the physical deformity which sedentary occupations are inflicting on us, and entailing on posterity. At the same time, the self-reliance which would be taught would abolish the epidemical panics that have latterly become so prevalent; while frequent participation in precautionary measures would keep us aware that "security is mortals' greatest foe" is equally true, whether applied to nations or individuals, and would make us at once watchmen, or, if occasion arise, warriors. Well may we wish that the horrors of war may never be brought to our own homes; but while so wishing, it becomes us to ask ourselves why we should be spared, when other inhabitants of the earth are so afflicted. Whether there be or be not any pressing danger of invasion, the very wealth, dominion, and resources of this country will be a standing temptation to an enemy; and it only remains to add these luxurious and lethargic habits, or class quarrels, to

convert the temptation into an invitation and opportunity. So long as the mastery of the world is considered worth struggling for, so long will the influence of a nation lead to proportionate attempts to overthrow it, and that struggle will continue till the Prince of Peace is himself enthroned. Without reference, then, to any particular power, it is only fit that when the signs of the times are full of evil auguries, we should be prepared for the worst. The question before us now is only, how can we be most efficiently prepared in a worldly and warlike respect?

We shall take it for granted that the defence of the country, whether the people take it voluntarily upon themselves, or leave it to the usually constituted authorities, is the common cause, the duty, and the privilege of all our countrymen. Also it needs no argument to make it evident that the best defence would engage in it the greatest number of effective men who are "free, able, and willing" to serve; or that, if the greatest number be too great, or if such number could not be equipped, the best plan would be to engage those who were the most, and exclude those who were the least, fit for service. Now, we believe that the present general rifle club movement does not accord with these truths. We have seen that the employments of a majority of people cut them off from any chance of ordinarily bearing arms after the fashion of our fathers. Any artisan or labourer who joins a rifle club volunteers, if not to risk his situation, at least to make sacrifice of great part of his time, and, therefore, of his income. If he give eight days per annum to his volunteer duties, he gives one-thirtieth of his all; and we are bold to say that few working-men who discharge their first duties to their families and neighbours, are in a position to afford this. To many men engaged in business, absence would be even more injurious. But it is also required that the volunteer provides his own uniform, at least, at a present outlay of from about £2: and how many of the poorer classes can honestly spare such a sum out of their savings, even if they have it? Practically, then, these classes, the most numerous amongst us, are excluded from the movement. The answer to this is, that those who can afford to volunteer need not therefore be hindered from doing so. We demur, however, to the proposition, that any class because it has money to buy arms and time to use them has a right to arrogate to itself the performance of a duty common to the whole country. And, omitting the principle, the plan is equally objectionable as a matter of expediency. It is not to be expected that some classes will patiently see other classes becoming proficient in the use of weapons which are withheld from them; and such a course will inevitably bring about that mistrust and animosity at home which is the greatest enemy to prosperity and peace. It is objectionable also as being an untrue representation to foreign powers of the power and patriotism of the British people. After our fears having been trumpeted to the world by alarmist orators and a passionate press, and the eyes of Europe have been brought to see what would be the result of all the agitation which has taken place, shall it be shown to them that some 30,000 or 40,000 only of the wealthy care for the defence of the country? If they find that in the hour of extremity, or expected extremity, only such a portion of the population care to prepare themselves, what inference can they draw as to the others, unless that either they are indifferent to the fate of their fatherland, or are so disaffected as to desire a change? And what greater encouragement could an enemy receive? Fortunately, however, there are less objectionable methods by which the defence of the country can be adequately provided for. It is open to those who desire to defend the country as a matter of grace, to adopt a plan which shall accord with the truths previously stated; or, if they decline to adopt such plan, to allow the question to revert to the Government, and let that be done by law which they find themselves unable to do by grace. We believe, however, that volunteering, if necessary, may be made a truly national movement. Instead of every man who desires to devote his money to the common cause spending it on the equipment of his own person, let him subscribe to a common fund for the club in his own locality. Let it be said to all "good men and true" who wish to join, "Here is room and a rifle,—if need be, recompense." Let such a fund be economically administered, and if it be not sufficient for all who volunteer, let any preference in the use of it be given to those who are most able and anxious to serve, without regard to whatever class they may belong to. Such a course could not fail to be ample evidence to the most prejudiced, that those who supported the measure were sincere in their purpose to serve their country in common. Party and class motives and manoeuvres could not be attributed to them with the least show of plausibility. It would disarm domestic demagogues, and convince any foreign foe that we are not yet disunited enough to fall an easy prey. And there can be little doubt but that for the same expense a more efficient force would be forthcoming than there will be if every volunteer spends his own money on himself. At all events, if volunteering cannot be conducted in a perfectly patriotic spirit, nothing but mischief can ensue from private or class movements; and the defence and dignity of the country will be more fitly left in charge of the Government, which, if it sees fit, can enrol and train Rifle Clubs itself, and apportion in taxes the sum each is to contribute to their support.

To Rifle Clubs, as opening fresh sources of parade and pleasure, our aversion is decided. We only advocate their formation as necessary and useful national institutions, undertaken in all seriousness for the common service of the country, and to include alike rich and poor, as the old militia did. Such national institutions they must be, or most assuredly, whether we look at them as Patriots or as Christians, we must count them worse than nothing.

NEW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

WHATEVER the amount of moral weight the new members may have brought to the parliament of 1859, it can hardly be predicated that they have added much oratorical force or political strength to either side of the House. Certainly, the election in May did restore to the speaking portion of the members a gentleman who, if he does not stand in the first rank of finished classical orators, doubtless takes a foremost place as one of the most forcible, and with a certain qualification, one of the most practical debaters in the House—Mr. RICHARD CORDEN. It is also true that among the reappearances were Mr. B. OSBORNE, Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR, Colonel DUNNE, and several other orators of equivalent mental calibre, who are heard in the House on multifarious questions with good humour, and not unfrequently with marked attention; but the gain does not, by any means, overbalance the loss, when we call to recollection those whom death has summoned before a more awful tribunal than a House of Commons, and those who relinquished their seats from various causes. Fewer changes occurred in the parliament of 1859 than has ever been the case since the Reform measure of 1832. The number of new members when the new parliament assembled in May last, did not exceed 144. Since that period about twenty-five seats have been vacated, either by promotion to the House of Lords, by death, or by surrender. At present, the epithet "respectable" is all that can be said in favour of the new members, whether claimed by the Liberal or by the Conservative party. Possibly there may be some second PITT or CANNING, some "Heaven-born genius," who only waits for the proper time to show the world that he is the "proper man;" but as matters stand at present, the revelation is not yet made, nor has any clue to his whereabouts been afforded by the keenest scrutiny. As far as votes are concerned, the Liberal (not the pure Whig) party has had most reason to rejoice. The Conservatives have certainly lost strength lately, though this we know they are disposed unreservedly to deny. Bodmin, for instance, has seen Dr. MICHELL, who took his place on the Conservative benches, replaced by Mr. WYLD, who sits *vis-à-vis* to the great but erratic Conservative leader. Beverley has yet to make its choice. Berwick has exchanged Mr. EARLE for Mr. MAJORIBANKS, and here the Liberals have no cause to lament. Dartmouth, once rejoicing in a SCHENLEY, now glories in a DUNN. Devonport has lost her twin representatives,—Mr. WILSON (who is trying his hand as a regenerator of Indian finances) and Sir E. PERRY; the borough finds its politics now harmoniously reflected in Sir M. SEYMOUR and Sir A. BULLER. Gloucester yet waits for its representative. Hull, Conservative in predilection, exchanges a HOARE for a SOMES; the latter gentleman, from his position as a shipowner, by far the more fitting—we do not say the more able—representative of a seaport constituency. Liskeard has parted with no honour in replacing a GREY with a BERNAL OSBORNE. Lewes sustained a loss by the death of the Right Hon. HENRY FITZROY, albeit that right hon. gentleman once took rank with the Tory party, but in older and perhaps wiser years boldly resigned his "old lamps" on Conservative benches, to take fondly to "new" ones on Liberal seats. At present Lewes is unrepresented, but very few days will elapse before the vacancy is filled. Norwich is in the same temporary predicament. Northampton lost her member by translation to the Upper House, and found a congenial substitute in Lord HENLEY. Pontefract has its seat yet unfilled. Reading mourns for that man of true talent whom it delighted to honour, and who now adorns the Bench, Sir H. KRAATING. The vacancy is supplied by Sir F. GOLDSMID. Whitby's loss was perhaps the severest of all. Death robbed it of one of the sons of genius, whom an admiring world will ever rank amongst its most gifted men. ROBERT STEPHENSON is known at Whitby no more, and Mr. THOMPSON fills his place. Why Mr. THOMPSON should have succeeded against Mr. CHAPMAN, who, if not a shipowner, is closely connected with the shipping interest, and who had the united influence of the Shipowners' Society in his favour, is an electioneering mystery that nobody appears able to solve. Mr. THOMPSON, however, is a man of acknowledged ability, and the Liberal party will have no cause to regret this latest accession to their ranks. Wakefield waits unrepresented for the present. Taunton, following the wake of Hull, has added another item to the Conservative body by substituting for an ennobled LABOUCHERE Mr. G. C. BENTINCK. This closes our list of vacancies and replacements in the English boroughs, and next week we shall briefly enumerate the Scotch and Irish. We have more particularly referred to the English members who have found their way into the Parliament since the General Election. The new members returned at the general contest have already had their political claims tolerably well settled, as far as public estimation of their political weight and tendencies are concerned. But the later untried members have an interest all their own, because their elections afford a kind of prospective indication of the class on which popular suffrages will most liberally be bestowed. The recent members generally have been returned not so much as political adherents of this or that party—of this or that leader; but they have been returned as exponents of the liberal, or rather the "popular" party. This may prove significant of the probable composition of the next House, when the anticipated Reform Bill comes into operation.

CARICATURE.

IF we consider, for a moment the fact, that a certain weekly paper has existed for very nearly twenty years, and has reached its thirtieth half-yearly volume, having for its sole purpose badinage, and social and political caricature, we must admit that the English as a

nation are tolerably fond of the pastime. When we inquire further we shall find that Mr. *Punch* has been carried forward upon one uninterrupted tide of success; that he has spared no one, from the lowest to the highest personage in the realm, from the costermonger to the archbishop; that, in the words of POPE, "No place is sacred, not the Church is free" from the intrusions of this mime, who deals on all sides very shrewd raps; and that, after all, few have been seriously offended, and none have been outraged by him, we must own that the nation has shown very general good sense and a high appreciation of the work, and that the conductors of it have carried forward their design with consummate ability. The modern caricaturist has not been without rivals; the *Penny Punch*, *Judy*, the *Puppet-Show*, *Toby*, the *Clown*, the *Great Gun*, *Man in the Moon*, *Pasquin*, *Diogenes*, and other rivals, more or less insignificant, have troubled his reign, and have shared with him some little of his popularity. But one by one these empty bladders have collapsed, and the artists and authors who conducted them have sought other rafts or have gone down in the stream. It is all very well for people who are so much wiser than their own generation to sneer at *Punch*. They who sneer are frequently the most hurt by his *déton*; he could safely retort upon them with the old saying,—Do better if you can; joke every week for twenty years with greater success; hit the passing folly as it flies more frequently than I do, but *si non his utere mecum*. The plain fact seems to be that the work is itself worthy of great admiration, nay more, of respect; that it has done great good, instilled a general cheerfulness and good humour, and that in no nation or time could a parallel example of the success and beneficial effects of caricature be pointed out to that afforded by *Punch*. Weak he often is, foolish sometimes; less frequently he is snobbish; but in the immense mass of matter which has for twenty years made us laugh it would indeed be curious if we did not find stains and blemishes;—the wonder is that we find so few.

The tide of caricature has flown evenly since the establishment of the Journal alluded to. It is quite true that there must be a considerable strain on the professional joker, who has to find a certain number of objects upon which he must be funny in the events of every week; but they who make a wonder of this quite overlook the fact that there is a solid substratum of humour in the English character, which affords a perpetual and rich mine to those who choose to dig. Joking becomes habitual, and caricature has existed in all ages. Only the other day, a learned Italian made the public aware of the existence of a quantity of rude caricatures on the walls of Pompeii, drawn by the loiterers about the city, or those who waited for the opening of the Circus, or the commencement of the Comedy. On the walls of the buried city are the chalk scratches of humorists who lived two thousand years ago, distinguished, rude as they are, by the same intentions as our own of yesterday. ADDISON defines the art as consisting "in preserving amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person." Hence the gigantic noses, the tricks of the eye, the mouth, the curl of the hair, which caricaturists preserve but exaggerate. Hence, also, the derivation of the word from the Italian *caricare*, to overload. In painting, caricature has much the same affinity to the historical, as burlesque to the epic in poetry. A finely drawn caricature would bear the same analogy to the Last Judgment of MICHEL ANGELO as the Tom Thumb of FIELDING does to the Eumenides of ÆSCHYLUS, or the Hamlet of SHAKSPEARE. One caricaturist we English have had, unequalled in invention and in fine drawing, and who may not inappropriately be termed the Michel Angelo of his art,—the renowned JAMES GILRAY.

English History, of the later and most interesting period, owes some of its best elucidations to caricature; and the rise of these pictures may be traced to the Dutch. The great Protector (Mr. CARLYLE might shudder at the fact) was continually subject to the wicked wit of the artist, and the gross drawings were bought by hundreds among the king's party. Some of these were of so obscure and stupid a nature, that it has been supposed that old plates were purchased to supply the market, the legends being erased, and others appropriate to the time substituted. The same dishonest but profitable game was carried on during the time of the South Sea bubble; and a collection of such pictures, bound in one volume, was issued under the Dutch title of the "Great Picture of Folly." Our own HOGARTH followed, unapproached in his wit, pungency, and observation, who may claim to be the prince of caricaturists, and the wits of his day soon perceived his power. FIELDING, in "Tom Jones," the great prose epic of human nature, as BYRON hath sentimentally called it, continually appeals to HOGARTH. SWIFT apostrophised him thus:—

"How I want thee, humorous Hogart!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted;
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools.
Draw them like, for I assure-a
You'll need no caricatura.
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face."

What HOGARTH (SWIFT is right, by the way, in dropping the final *A*) made of caricature, all who have studied his works can tell. There is no need now to panegyrisé him. He was a great moralist, and every touch of his, from the first picture he painted to the last auction card he etched, has in it a profuse satire which was never meant to injure, but always to improve. He who declared that he learnt more out of HOGARTH'S *books*, than of any other, save the

Bible, exaggerated but little. To the faithful eyes of some, his picture histories appeal more forcibly than written tragedies or sermons. His Dying Rake and Harlot preach against waste, folly, and vice, quite as forcibly as BAXTER or SHERLOCK; his "Marriage à la Mode" is a sound treatise against marriages *de convenance* from both sides of the question, and a hundred years ago pointed out the end of very many such alliances, quite as accurately as any report which might be selected from the scandalous chronicle of Sir CRESSWELL CRESSWELL'S COURT. But beyond this, HOGARTH possessed that broad English humour—call it fun if you like—and that expansive intellect and feeling heart, without which no pencil-satirist can hope to attain greatness. Let any one look well into his "March to Finchley" if he can without laughing. Let him mark in his "Times of the Day" that wonderful face of the boy, who having rested his pie-dish on a post, has put it down with such force as to break it, and then say whether he be most inclined to laugh at or cry with the urchin? HOGARTH was capital with boys. In fact, the London *gamin* has had a succession of artists, who have each studied and understood him, and who have or should have made him famous. HOGARTH, CRUIKSHANK, LEECH, each of these have been wonderfully successful with boys. HOGARTH'S pictures are known to all who love caricature, political or social, pasquinade or satire; but his merit and his price alike narrowed his public;—he was not for the shop windows, like SATYR, GILRAY, the elder CRUIKSHANK, WOODWARD, and ROWLANDSON.

SATYR, a little anterior to GILRAY, may be only mentioned as a connecting link; compared with either GILRAY, WOODWARD, or ROWLANDSON, he was feeble enough. It is worth while however to look over an old folio, and to mark what pleased our grandfathers or great-grandfathers before even PLANCUS was consul. To say truth, *mutatis mutandis*, we do not appear to have made much progress. Dead enough, in all conscience, are some of their jokes now, but we must remember the effervescent nature of these witticisms, which, like soda water, are only palatable when freshly poured out. The biggest stones which an artist both then and now could throw against a minister, were love of place, love of money, and a perfectly ravenous appetite for a bribe. Contemporary history and private letters show that these accusations, foul as they are, were not always wrong. They hit hard too. The mud stuck, and more than one caricaturist has, like CERECHUS, been silenced with a sop. But then, in those days, ministers did curious things. They pensioned an infamous writer, whose title-page declared he painted "in glowing colours" the adventures of "a young lady;" while they brought up orator HENLEY before the Council, to remonstrate with, and to threaten him.

The social caricature was of precisely the same nature as is the social cut in last week's *Punch*. WOODWARD, BUNBURY and LEECH have all attacked dress, fashion, manner, and the insolent assumption of the three. HOGARTH was the author of just as hard cuts at ladies' hoops, as LEECH is against crinoline, and both were equally powerless. The frivolity of Fashion resembles certain fevers, which no physician attempts to stop, being quite aware that they will run their course. With our present social caricaturist there is this to be remarked, that it is difficult to say whether or not he does not aid in the absurdity he condemns. Dozens of young ladies and "swells" no doubt dress up to Mr. LEECH'S figures; and it is difficult to say whether he copies the smart piquant face that we so often meet with from his pencil, or whether the young ladies (and young men too) do not dress to resemble his figures as nearly as they can. With WOODWARD and ROWLANDSON there is this difference: their fun was rude and boisterous, often cruel, and almost always accompanied by an open or a latent indecency. People falling down stairs, skaters tumbling through the ice, and in their grotesque struggles poking their skate points or sticks into their neighbours' eyes or mouths, breaking their own backs or heads, or their horses' legs, and similar subjects not by any means pleasant to contemplate, are the staple subjects of their plates. Dress gave great opportunities for indecency,—and ROWLANDSON, a fine free draughtsman, a kind of RUBENS in his walk of art, never lost one.

GILRAY—employed by a Bond Street publisher, and bound to work only for him, yet continually produced plates which he sold elsewhere with other signatures—was a man of fine genius, and under other circumstances might have achieved a greater and purer fame. Often as he struck at a minister or satirised a courtier, he yet more often returned to the battle which he loved to wage—that against BUONAPARTE. With him the Corsican was a murderer, a fanatic, a tyrant; an invader with death's head and dripping sword; a ghoul who loved to feast on human flesh; an incarnate fiend, a demon. Single-handed, GILRAY fed and nursed the flame of hatred which burnt so steadily and so long in these islands against that potentate, whether as general, first consul, or emperor. NAPOLEON himself perceived it, and complained of it. His empress and generals came in for a share of GILRAY'S pictorial wrath. Ministers, who at the time of the trial of PELTYER were not unwilling to conciliate the master of a hundred legions, in vain attempted to stop GILRAY. The shop windows still displayed the bright colours of the newest print, wherein, as incendiary or demon, the chief person was still NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE. If, according to the *dictum* of the latter, one newspaper editor were worse than five *corps d'armée* acting against him, surely GILRAY, with his enormous effect on the British mind, then hardly awayed or taught by leading articles, was worse than five editors. And if we of the volunteer corps wish to realise the intense hatred, the indignation, the burning passion with which most of our fathers regarded the first NAPOLEON, we have only to turn over some old caricatures. How the old times rise before us, summoned by the tricky ARIEL of art, as we look over them. Here

were our grandmothers with the Grecian "stoop" and scant dress, and richly clustered hair, such as the Princess CHARLOTTE wore, as Mrs. JORDAN charmed with, and under which the busy brain of wicked Mrs. CLARKE planned her sale of commissions—a sale the effects of which lasted in our army until the time of the Crimea. A little further back are our great-grandfathers and mothers; grandfathers with powder and pigtail, looking killing as beau or blood, and with complexions blooming, like only English faces can, beneath the contrast of the white powdered wig. Our grandmothers drawn ponderously by BUNBURY, but fresh, *riantes*, or maternally, as the case may be, in mob caps and tuckers, or in hair a foot or a yard above their heads, or languishing with natural curls tied with blue ribbon, after the manner of ANGELICA KAUFFMAN. They will bring to mind the sturdy old days of PITT, BURKE, and FOX,—FOX the beloved, the butcher, the gambler, or the spotless patriot—the *sansculotte*; or the HAMPDEN—CICERO or CATILINE—eminent in each character, under every name, fitted "to reign in hell or serve in heaven," but still the chief figure of the picture. ADDINGTON, the doctor SIDMOUTH, CANNING, PEELE, RUSSELL, DISRAELI, or PALMERSTON; let the leaves fly. But the lesson is not lost; the wit is dead, though gaiety is that of the empty mask of comedy, with inane grin lying upon an actor's tomb.

It is probable that almost all the popular ideas of prime ministers and leading politicians have been moulded and shaped by the caricaturist. Who does not know the pompous yet kindly PEELE, the versatile, large-hearted, and large-brained HENRY BROUGHAM, RUSSELL, or PALMERSTON, better by LEECH'S pencil, than by any other portrait? When we see the great originals, we are disappointed that they do not come up to the wood-cuts; that "PAM" is not so jaunty, nor BROUGHAM so eccentric as he is drawn. We shape the ideal head to the speech, and measure the action by the dress. The caricaturist has been up earlier than the historian, and has stolen a march on him. He influences popular knowledge, though forgotten; the very water in the well of truth is stained by his ink; and to the end of time, we shall never be quite sure that PALMERSTON does not carry a perpetual bit of straw in his mouth, or that the nose of OLIVER CROMWELL was not as red as the lattice of a country roadside inn, so deeply are we tinged with the teachings of the caricaturist.

The art in its modern phases has yet to be considered.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

HANOVER, January 8th, 1860.

THE opening of the Prussian Parliament will take place on Thursday next, when it is expected the Prince Regent will deliver the speech from the throne; in which will be urged the acceptance of the measures that will be brought forward by the Ministry, with reference to the reorganization of the army. The prince and his ministers are of one accord as to these measures, though it appears that the Minister of Finance required a pledge that no additional taxes should be demanded. According to the *New Prussian Gazette*, it has been resolved to apply five million thalers of the loan of forty millions still in hand towards defraying the costs of the alterations during the first year; but all future disbursements are to be covered by the grant already made of twenty-five per cent. on the *income and class* tax, which brings in, at present, about three million and a half thalers; two millions more are expected to be obtained from the surplus income of the coming year—an anticipation which will, in all probability, be realized, should peace be maintained, and trade and manufactures continue as prosperous as they have hitherto been during peace and the absence of war alarms. The Prince Regent, in his reply to the congratulations of the ministers and the generals on New Year's day, laid particular stress on the unanimity existing between himself and the Cabinet upon all general questions, and especially thanked the Minister of Finance for his ready acquiescence in his views respecting the financial measures to be laid before the parliament with reference to the reorganization of the army. He called to mind the intentions of his father, King FREDERICK WILLIAM III., upon this important question, and the many circumstances which had occurred to prevent those intentions from being carried into effect. The weightiest reason, however, was the vast strides that had been made in every department of agricultural and manufacturing industry. The present constitution of the Prussian army proved itself to be totally unsuited to the state of society and the progress of civilization. Instead of increasing the powers of the nation, it crippled them, by withdrawing from their occupations those who were the chief support of the finances of the country. The prince concluded by expressing a hope that both ministry and parliament would lend him their aid in accomplishing this most needful reform.

The newly appointed Ambassador of Austria to the Cabinet of Berlin has arrived. It is said he is charged with a special mission connected with the Romagna and the French pamphlet, against which the Cabinet of Vienna would be happy to get up a demonstration in conjunction with Prussia and Russia, if it were possible. The Austrian Government cannot reconcile itself to the fact that the Holy Alliance is a thing of the past, never to be called into life again. There is probably little truth in the report. Indeed, Austria has nothing to expect either from Prussia or Russia; the latter, through its journals and diplomatic agents, may drop now and then expressions of dissatisfaction with the policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and his apparent determination to trample upon treaties, but Austria's offence during the war in the Crimea is not forgotten, nor ever will

be. The very name of Austria is an execration among all Russians with whom I come in contact.

This week a conference of the north-western States will be held at Berlin, to consider the best means to provide for the defence of the coasts of the Baltic and North Sea. Some doubts are entertained whether Hanover will take part in this Conference, owing to the fact that the question is already under the notice of the Federal Diet, and to which Hanover and other States would rather confine it. It is evident that Hanover regards Prussia with a very jealous eye, and strongly objects to her taking the initiative in this or any other Federal question. It is tolerably clear that the Hohenzollerns have become masters of the "Bund," and remain so, in spite of the efforts of Austria, Saxony, Hesse, and Hanover. However deplorable an intestine war would be, it is but natural that these ancient dynasties should struggle fiercely against the overgrown influence of their comparatively modern rival; Saxony more especially recollecting the narrow escape she had from utter annihilation in 1815, when Lord CASTLEREAGH declared it to be his aim to annex Saxony to Prussia, however much he might regret to destroy so ancient and honourable a dynasty as that of Saxony.

The Vienna journals are occupied chiefly with the discussion of the three Imperial patents lately published upon the subject of the national debt, the regulation of the licences for trades and handicrafts, &c. The reforms introduced by these edicts are regarded as an earnest of the more extensive reforms promised to be completed by August of this year. The reforms are to appear at intervals, and bit by bit. The extension of the Protestant agitation in Hungary, which has been joined by nine tenths of the whole population; the occurrences at Pesth, the military reinforcements which are being despatched from Vienna to Hungary,—these and many other circumstances sufficiently prove that there is something more than the mere factious outbreaks of students spurred on by discontented Magyar nobles, as the official journals would make the world believe. Yet, after all, the official press may be quite correct. Perhaps the Liberals and Protestants have made a mountain of a mole-hill. Governments that will gag the public press must be prepared to suffer more from underhand falsehoods than from open truths. The Austrian press is forbidden to speak the truth, but other journals are not prevented thereby from reporting the facts, or what may be mere travellers' tales. However, there appears to be sufficient foundation for the belief that a very dangerous agitation exists in Hungary, which requires all the wisdom and energy of the Austrian rulers to keep from bursting into civil war. The agitation combines three elements, each dangerous enough in itself, viz., the ecclesiastical, the political, and the national, but the last is the mainspring of the other two. I have already pointed out to your readers the real cause of this cry for separate nationality. The political and religious disputes are mere excrescences, growing out of the desire for independence, in opposition to the Germanizing attempts which have been made against them these many years past by the Cabinet of Vienna. The Government has sought to force the language of about two millions of Germans upon fourteen millions of Hungarians and neighbouring Slavonians—in the schools, in the administration of justice, wherever, in fact, the influence of the officials extended. For this the German population were not to blame. Had the propagation of the German proceeded from the people, it would have been legitimate and inoffensive to the mass of the people, who would have received it for the sake of convenience, as has been the case in other quarters. The Government is beginning now to perceive the absurdity of the propaganda, and would retrace its steps. A decree has just been published in the *Cracow Gazette* ordering justice to be administered in the language of the country, and calling upon the officials to employ, in all their transactions, the language of the people among whom they reside. This is now done to isolate the Hungarians as much as possible, by removing the chief cause of discontent among the surrounding nationalities. The movement in Hungary appears to be at this moment exclusively ecclesiastical. The congregation of Debreczin has not only adopted the petition against the Imperial Patent, but further, and of their own accord, have resolved upon informing the authorities, by letter, of their determination not to obey its prescriptions. Other congregations have acted in a similar manner. The *Delejtü* of Temesvar gives the following account of an affair which has been exaggerated considerably. On the 26th ult. the Evangelical Protestants of Temesvar held an electoral convent, which was very numerously attended. They had met to elect according to custom certain officers for the management of the affairs of their community. Their pastor, however, required them to conduct the election according to the Imperial Patent. This all but twenty refused to do, and left the church in a body. The remaining twenty electors then declared that they were as much opposed to the Imperial Patent as their brethren; but as the offices of inspector and cashier were vacant, and as confusion might ensue if they long continued so, they would elect under the express declaration that the election did not take place in obedience to the Imperial Mandate, but from sheer necessity.

The Hanoverian Chambers opened on the 3rd inst. The Government demanded one million five hundred thousand thalers for railways, and a credit for the military department, as likewise a grant for the purpose of erecting a new arsenal. The Railway which is to unite Hanover and Bremen with their ports of *Geeste-Munde* and *Bremerhafen* has been commenced, but advances at a very slow rate. The natives jocularly allow ten years for its completion. Ten years the Governments of Hanover and Bremen took to consider about it.

LITERATURE.

CHINA AND JAPAN.*

SO many events of startling importance have been crowded into the history of British relations with the East since the spring of 1857, that it would be hardly safe to assume that the reader will recollect exactly the circumstances of Lord Elgin's Mission to China, of which Mr. Laurence Oliphant was destined to be the historiographer. The famous quarrel with Commissioner Yeh arising out of the capture of the "Arrow" lorchs occurred in the previous autumn. War in the Canton river was the consequence; but the forces on the spot being too weak for an attack on Canton, an English expeditionary corps of five thousand men was despatched. The hour of the Chinese Emperor's humiliation being clearly at hand, not only England, but France, Russia, and the United States determined to send plenipotentiaries to take advantage of a time so favourable for extorting treaties. Lord Elgin accordingly started with his "secretary," Mr. Oliphant, and a numerous train; but while they were actually upon their route the great rebellion suddenly burst over the heads of the Anglo-Indian Government, and our troops only arrived in China to be sent to Calcutta with all speed. The gentlemen of the Chinese Mission, who had left their countrymen at home talking of little else but Commissioner Yeh and a march to Peking, suddenly found themselves *sur le pied*, and of no importance whatever in the exciting budgets of Oriental news. They accordingly sailed for Calcutta in the hope of being able to lend a hand to their suffering countrymen; but Calcutta itself escaped the great hurricane. Lord Elgin returned to Hong Kong; troops at length were spared, and in December operations against Canton were recommenced. Mr. Oliphant was an eye-witness, and had "a splendid view" of the bombardment. He saw the usual ridiculously feeble resistance of the Chinese, and the customary vigorous assaults of the British and French—the regular amount of slaughter, in picking off "scampering Chinamen with Minié rifles, shell-dropping in various parts of the city, and burning of whole quarters of the suburbs." The result was of course the capture of Canton, finally crowned by the capture of the refractory Commissioner Yeh himself.

Satisfied with this first step in the "chastisement" of the Celestials, Lord Elgin now wended his way northward, and, having collected a force of fifteen vessels of war and gunboats at the mouth of the Peiho river (since become so famous), it was determined, in conjunction with our allies, to make a movement up the river "of a mixed hostile and diplomatic character." It is of interest to read again in Mr. Oliphant's narrative the story of the bombardment and capture of those very forts which so recently baffled our admiral, and helped the Chinese to their first victory over British forces. The Chinese had on this occasion attempted to check our advance, not by stakes, but by bamboo-cables buoyed across the river. These, however, one of our steam vessels, the "Cormorant," soon broke through, and then concentrating a tremendous fire upon the northern forts, succeeded in silencing them in fifteen minutes. The southern forts did better, the Tartars who defended them standing to their guns more stedfastly than was anticipated. The storming parties, however, completed the success of our attack. The Chinese not anticipating them, were taken by surprise, and fled. "Not above two hundred in all," says Mr. Oliphant, "were killed." The English as usual, attained these results with small cost—one killed and three wounded being the sum total. It seems difficult to believe that these were the very forts, defended by Tartar troops in both cases, which since repulsed our vessels with a destructiveness and a carnage so complete. Mr. Oliphant accounts for the difference by the fact, that our sailors had in the latter instance to cross a greater distance of mud, and that the garrison this time, expecting us to land and storm as we had done before, were prepared for us on the land side. But it must be obvious to any one who remembers the facts of the unsuccessful attack, that these reasons are inadequate to account for our disasters. In the first case, although the Chinese defences and their guns proved to be admirable, —and they were certainly not insufficiently manned—the execution done by them was ridiculously small. Nor was the fire of their numerous gingalls upon our men less innocuous. But in the second case, so well directed was their practice, that scarce a vessel of our small fleet escaped destruction; so sharp and murderous was their fire, that our men found it impossible to advance under it, and the result was a destruction of life among the attacking party, as compared with their numbers, altogether unparalleled. It is impossible to resist the conclusion, that the best troops in the service of the Emperor have begun to perceive that they must take some hints in the military art from their invaders. With the Chinese, improvement in their fighting powers is a matter of life and death, and there may be circumstances which will sharpen the military wits even of the most "unprogressive" people. The excellence of their defences, their bomb-proof chambers, their guns, sand-bag-batteries, camister shot, and "beautifully made rockets," struck the storming party with surprise on their taking possession. It is evident that, although we have hitherto beaten the Chinese with an ease which rendered our attacks scarcely anything but mere butchery, very little would be wanted entirely to change the face of things. The Chinese have appeared cowardly because, like all ill-disciplined troops, they have been subject to panics under a regular and skilful attack. Observation of the tactics of their enemies, a little discipline,

* Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, in the Years 1857—9. By Laurence Oliphant, Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. Blackwood and Sons.

and some improvement in their artillery practice, which they seem already to have attained, might at once convert them into enemies far more formidable than they have hitherto proved.

Lord Elgin subsequently moved up the Peiho river to Tientsin, where, after much haggling, he finally obtained the signing of the Treaty, which bears the name of that town. Upon this he sailed for Japan, to present to the Japanese sovereign a steam yacht, as a present from the sovereign of Great Britain; and to obtain, if he could, by persuasion, and, as usual, by some show of force, another of those treaties of commerce to which politicians and "practical men" of the old school still attach so much importance. The account of this journey is by far the most interesting and novel portion of Mr. Oliphant's work, and its interest is much enhanced by the coloured pictures, chiefly from native drawings, which accompany the narrative. The maps and illustrations, indeed, which are scattered through both volumes, evidence the great care and pains with which the work has been prepared.

Mr. Oliphant's descriptions of what he saw at Nagasaki, at Simoda, and at Jeddo, are in the highest degree curious and entertaining. His observations confirm in a remarkable manner the glowing accounts of Japanese civilization given by all previous writers, from old Kämpfer to Golownin. In the Japanese bazaars he saw evidences of their advancement in the arts not to be mistaken: in their streets he found every where signs of a polite, a moral, and a happy people—no beggars, no drunkenness, no thieves, no broils. Wife-beating, and even corporal punishment of children, are barbarities which Japanese civilization has left far behind. The English mission, though altogether a novelty in Jeddo, and though, as representing foreign intrusion, not popular with a large party, met with no annoyance from any class of the people during their stay there—nor were they even troubled in the public streets with the vulgar curiosity which generally greets the outlandish stranger. The princes furnished the ambassador and his suite with a suitable house for their use, and every other thing necessary to render their stay agreeable. Lord Elgin's treaty, proposing to permit English consuls to reside at Jeddo, and otherwise violating the sacred principle of national privacy, was indeed somewhat unpalatable; but even this objection was waived, and the treaty finally settled and signed.

Mr. Oliphant furnishes us, in his Appendix, with a copy of this treaty, and we have been struck in perusing it, with an error so glaring; so certain to lead—as we believe it has already led—to mischievous results, that it is hard to imagine that it could have hitherto—as we believe it has—escaped criticism. By Article 10, it is provided that all foreign coin shall be current in Japan, and *shall pass for its corresponding weight in Japanese coin of the same description*. It seems extraordinary that any one who would venture to insert a clause relating to the regulation of currency, in a document of such importance, should not have been aware that such a stipulation violates the best established principles of monetary science, and notwithstanding treaties, laws, or decrees, must be entirely inoperative. Japanese gold coins are stated by Mr. Oliphant to be of greater purity (that is of less alloy) than English coins, and upon this he innocently remarks that there will, consequently, in the case of English gold, "always be a difference between its actual and intrinsic value." In this, however, he is quite mistaken; and he may be sure that in the markets of Nagasaki the intrinsic and the actual value of English coin will be, as it is in every other market in the world, one and the same. Though Lord Elgin and his suite had been as little versed in the laws of political economy as his Japanese entertainers, it would seem scarcely possible that they could have failed to have met with the maxim that the value of a commodity will find its level, in spite of kings and ambassadors. The gravity of such an error cannot well be overstated, and is indeed proved by the result. Since Lord Elgin left Japan, reports have reached England of serious complications between the English and the Japanese Government, arising out of disputes connected with the currency complications, which appeared likely to lead to a repetition of our Chinese difficulties. If, as we believe, these troubles have arisen entirely from the blunder of Lord Elgin, which we have pointed out, no time ought to be lost in endeavouring to repair it.

As with the Chinese, Lord Elgin found the chief difficulty with the Japanese to lie in their unwillingness to allow British residents at the capitals. The authorities in both countries have endeavoured by all the arts of persuasion and delay, to stave off this dreaded result. Nothing, perhaps, has created greater prejudice against them—or at all events against the Chinese—than their obstinate perseverance in what appears, at first sight, to be so unreasonable; but it should not be forgotten that both countries adopted the determination to exclude foreigners deliberately, and on what were to them good grounds—for both originally admitted strangers, and both unfortunately found the result to be serious disorders, and in one case rebellion and conspiracy against the life of the sovereign. With such facts, it is not to be wondered at if they have sought to isolate themselves. Such isolation is certainly not a just ground of quarrel, much less of violence; and it must be remembered that if they have abandoned their principle, it has always been reluctantly, and after the employment of some kind of coercion. Treaties signed under the muzzles of the guns of a British fleet—whatever they may be in naval or military eyes—are not, and never will be, so sacred in the eyes of the moralist as independent contracts between free nations. Nor can it be said that the Chinese arguments for excluding themselves from admitting an English minister to reside permanently at Peking are wholly without reason. The reader of Mr. Oliphant's work will, if he is curious, find in the appendix to the first volume some interesting correspondence on this point.

The documents presented by the Chinese are drawn up with much skill, and might bear no unfavourable comparison with the State papers of Governments accounting themselves more civilized. "The permanent residence of foreign ministers at the capital," they say, would "be an injury to China in many more ways than we can find words to express;" and they fear that "in the present critical and troublous state of the country," it would lead "to a loss of respect for their Government in the eyes of the people."

There is, indeed, little doubt that foreign ministers would not long have resided at Peking before the Emperor would have become as dependent upon them as is the Sultan upon the ambassadors at Constantinople, or the native princes of India upon the British residents. Such circumstances inevitably produce that "loss of respect" for their sovereign, which the Chinese Government foretells; the consequences for the unfortunate monarch are always loss of power without loss of responsibility and trouble, and finally an anarchy, which becomes an excuse for depriving the native ruler of his last remains of power. Our wisest and best statesmen are of opinion, that our dominion and responsibilities in the East have already assumed dangerous dimensions. Our recent troubles in Hindostan, and our huge Indian debt, ought to serve as warnings. The best informed upon such subjects will, we think, agree that the seizure of any portion of China by our representatives would be a serious evil; and so far from being profitable or desirable, would inevitably prove costly, and fruitful of embarrassment. Yet to this result a British resident at Peking would certainly help to lead us; nor will the footing which we have already obtained upon the edges of the flowery land fail to extend itself, unless watched and guarded against by a determination to repudiate the acts of officials, which have not received previous authorization. Before a just and reasonable policy, steadily persisted in, even Chinese exclusiveness would speedily melt away. Of their willingness to trade with us there cannot be a doubt; when is there a doubt with any people? They are eminently a commercial people, and are not deficient in any of the qualities which that character supposes. At Singapore, and elsewhere, wherever Mr. Oliphant touched in the Indian Ocean, he found the Chinese settlers busy, prosperous, and orderly.

The fact is, it is the misfortune of Englishmen to be ruled, and have their treaties of commerce made for them, by a class who have not, and never had, any real sympathy with commercial interests. Their faith is in shot and shell, in assaults upon city walls, and in the burning of whole suburbs,—in short, in that violence and disorder which is against the very spirit of peaceful interchange. Their acquaintance with the great economic laws which affect the well-being of commercial communities, may be fairly judged of by the specimen which we have given of Lord Elgin's theory of the precious metals. So Mr. Oliphant, speaking, no doubt, as a firm believer in his lordship's doctrines, descants upon the vast importance of these new markets for British goods, which our loud cannon, and plenipotentiaries, scarcely less loud or menacing, are kindly, as the phrase is, "opening up" for us. It is, no doubt, an idea entirely new to his lordship, and most of his class, that markets being merely places where men exchange goods, the extent of our market in Japan must depend upon how much of Japanese manufactures we desire to buy. Of course, these will only be such goods as could not be obtained so cheap or so good without going fourteen thousand miles for them. The reader who has fully grasped this idea may ask himself, how far it is probable that the camphor, the vegetable oil, the wax, the tobacco, or even the silk (admitted to be inferior to Chinese silk), over whose existence Mr. Oliphant is so rejoiced, will answer this description.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE AND SOCIALISM.*

LET us give as wide publicity as possible to the fact, that there exists in London a free Russian press, which, thanks to the genius and the energy of Alexander Herzen, and the enterprising spirit of Mr. Trubner, has for four or five years been exceedingly active. The Russian language, from its extreme difficulty, is never likely to attract many students. Russian literature also, while acknowledged to be scanty, has been too much influenced by foreign models to reward the time and trouble spent in acquiring the language. But Russia has played a part so important in the affairs of the world since the outbreak of the French Revolution, that it is not without interest to read in their own tongue what the Russians themselves have to say about the deeds, the daring, and the aspirations of their country. We were, not very long ago, by this among other reasons, tempted to acquaint ourselves with Russian speech, and are able so far to boast of our industry and perseverance more than of our success, though we doubt not that here, as in other cases, perseverance and industry will at last bear their proper fruits.

We wish, as an act of simple fairness, to call attention to the pamphlet on the Russian People and Socialism. It is in the form of a letter to M. Michelet, and was published in French at Nice, in the autumn of 1851. The whole edition was seized at Marseilles by the French police. A translation into English from the French was given by Mr. W. J. Linton in 1855. Recently, the first edition in Russian has appeared.

It is impossible not to esteem and love Alexander Herzen, or to fail to discern in him much nobleness, elevation, and integrity. His country is dear to him, but truth is quite as dear. He can often rise to indignation, but he can never be either bitter or calumnious. Deep and intense is his enthusiasm; yet it never carries him either

*The Russian People and Socialism. By Alexander Herzen. London: Trubner & Co.

to exaggeration or injustice. His thought may have been too much influenced by Germany, his style by France; nevertheless, a broad, strong, genial individuality bursts irresistibly through. The man predominates over the writer, and renders the writer much more suggestive and impressive than if he were merely the writer. We do not sympathise with Herzen's Hegelianism, and his rhetorical ornaments of the French sort are not to our liking. Hegelianism is a cold and misty moonshine; and French rhetoric, if intolerable at first hand, must be something at second hand which we do not choose to name. Spite of defects, Herzen is an author of great power and eloquence. He has distinct ideas distinctly enunciated. Though he may borrow gaudy Gallic phrases, he hammers his meaning home; and it is rather the jargon of French publicists than Bossuet bombast, in which he occasionally deals. The rhetoric of the French of the present day is entirely publicistic. It has no pompous periods, but it mocks us with false clangor:—it is antithetic, epigrammatic, with a dash of the military: it has so much pith and point as to have neither point nor pith. The empire which the French language, French literature, French fashions have hitherto held in Russia, must have been eminently fatal to originality. Herzen has not escaped the contagion, but he has perhaps suffered as little as it is possible for a Russian to suffer.

The object of Herzen's pamphlet is to vindicate the Russian people from certain charges brought against them by Michelet. There are few writers whom we admire more warmly than Michelet; but he assuredly indulges in that recklessness of assertion to which all Frenchmen at the present day are so prone. Pope Voltaire—the only Pope for whom the French care—was in the habit of deciding the more emphatically the grosser his ignorance. His countrymen, even the most insignificant, have not been slow in arrogating the same infallibility. It is evident that Michelet knew absolutely nothing about the Russian people when attacking them. He was carried away partly by French vanity and vivacity, and partly by his sympathy for Poland. When confounding the Russian Government with the Russian People, Michelet was, as Herzen shows, guilty of serious wrong towards the latter. No one can denounce the Russian Government with hotter wrath than Herzen himself. To him it is vicious as a system, vile in the instruments it employs, horribly cruel, corrupting, degrading in its action and results. The Russian Government has had its flatterers: but it has never been its own honest sons who have flattered it. To call it a despotism is not correct; it is a bureaucracy, based on lies and guarded by spies. The question is, how far the people, let their virtues be as great and genuine as Herzen represents them, are responsible for what is wicked in the doings of the Government? Herzen neither designs nor endeavours to make out a case; and he could not even unconsciously be a sophist. But in all ages of the world the deeds of a Government have been regarded as the deeds of the nation. Why should a nation be willing to share all the fame, yet cast from it the burden of the infamous? What a nation tolerates it approves. When, for five-and-twenty years, England saw no disgrace, and felt no shame in being ruled by Charles the Second, was not the foulness of the English Court a stain on the English community? When, for more than half a century, France was satisfied to have Louis Fifteenth as monarch, did not the filth of Versailles pollute every Frenchman's household, its guilt lie at every Frenchman's door? A vast mass of the Russian people are serfs, and, according to Herzen's own statement, the feelings and ideas of the serfs do not go beyond that communal existence to which they are so passionately and pertinaciously attached. The serfs are not a stolid race; they are lively, quick, dexterous, apt, and able. But if their habits, prejudices, superstitions are let alone they are thoroughly apathetic. They seem to have many of the good and evil qualities of the Irish; and we all know how, spite of ardent affections and brilliant faculties, it is almost impossible to raise the Irish peasant higher than the most embryonic form of political and social life. Michelet's accusation, that the Russians are destitute of a moral sense, that they lie and steal, continually steal, continually lie, and that with perfect innocence, it being their nature, Herzen explains away rather than refutes. We find neither much meaning nor much nobleness in the saying of Hegel, which Herzen quotes, that cunning is the irony of rude strength. To Hegel himself cunning was often convenient as the disguise of cowardice. If, from the Government expecting no mercy, from the tribunals no justice, the Russian peasant retaliates by cunning, it is a sign not merely that he is contented with his lot, but that conscience and the conception of right are naturally somewhat feeble in his soul. Herzen prophesies a sublime destiny for Russia, in contrast with the rest of Europe, pining in mediæval dotage, tormented by scepticism and despair. But from what class of the Russian people is the redemption for Russia itself—for Europe—for the world to spring? The civilization of Russia, so far as it has a civilization, is forced, foreign, artificial. Its barbarism may conceal some generous instincts, but it is lethargic, and it costs only a liberal application of the cudgel to convert it into a Government tool. Its numerous official class is an army of knaves, who can be bland or brutal as circumstances or their own advantage may demand. There is not properly a middle class, and to whatever extent it exists, its clutch is on pelf, its glance on things most sordid. A few enthusiastic students, a few philanthropic noblemen, may long, may work for the divine transfiguration of the fatherland. But how fruitless are their words and their efforts in the midst of a multitude which narrows whatever it has that is really alive, to communal order and communal organization. We cannot quarrel with Herzen for hoping the best of his country and for it. Let his country's glorious and mighty development be to him a

faith, a gladness,—if nothing more, a beautiful dream. Even if he were only a visionary, yet visionaries are in their way always missionaries too. Still, if we are to calculate the future by the present and the past, and even introduce some roseate phantasies to help us, we can see no glimpse of the dawn for Russia, and through Russia for Europe, which Herzen predicts. If Russia has taken a bold attitude, it is not from her own vigour, from her own consciousness of superiority, but from the faults and feebleness of the exhausted dynasties around her. She owes something to her valour, far more to her unscrupulousness. Russia has only one real rival in the world; that rival is England. But while one of Russia's most notable characteristics is mendacity, England surpasses all other nations in truthfulness. It is as truthful as Rome when Rome was in its prime. Now, England, abounding still more in vitality than Russia—at least, having its vitality more concentrated, and symbolising, besides, that right which alone can give enduring greatness to kingdoms—must, rather than Russia, have the vocation to regenerate the world. It is confessed by Slavonians that Slavonianism has neither the hunger to urge nor the courage to march till impregnated and impelled by foreign elements. The very name of Russia is Scandinavian; and it is always an influx, an onset from one quarter or another, which has swept Russia into the path of victory. Of course, as long as the other states of Europe are the unmurmuring slaves of an idiotic Mediævalism; as long as they prefer dynastic puppets to real rulers, and diplomatic tricks to sagacious and stalwart statesmanship; as long as potentates and priests dread the democracy more than they dread the Cossack; the Cossack is a peril, and a dread to Europe. Intensely as we hate Russia—not the Russia which presents itself to us in Podolia, Volhynia, Ukraine, and elsewhere, with something of idyllic charm and patriarchal simplicity—but the Russia which is crucified by the insatiable avidity for territorial aggrandisement,—intensely as we hate Russia, we should welcome even Russia as a deliverer, if otherwise no escape is offered from feudal monstrosities. The kings, the priests, the aristocracies of Europe have ceased to be patriotic. In the late war with Russia, there was no attempt to strike Russia where Russia is most vulnerable. The war was thus a sham war. But there was the craven alarm lest, if you kindled a colossal combat in Poland, there would be a rising throughout Europe. But if kings and priests and aristocracies are selfish, it remains to be seen whether the heart of the people in England, in Germany, and in other lands is not sound. If sound, then Russia has small chance of first enslaving, then regenerating Europe. The danger in England—perhaps our only danger—is, lest the soil should pass wholly away from the hands of the people. In Russia, the peasant is in the fashion he likes best—a proprietor of the soil; and he who is proprietor of the soil, to an extent however small, is yet to that extent a better battler for the fatherland. What is the English peasant? A drudge, bedewing with his sweat the arid road to the workhouse. Give the English peasant a direct interest in the soil, a share in the soil, and he will be the soil's best defender. This is the most salutary lesson which we have learned from Herzen's powerful pamphlet.

THE ART OF DINING.*

IT is Man alone who knows how to eat; all the other animals feed. Such is the maxim of a philosopher who belongs more to the school of Epicurus, than of him that pronounced roots and water sufficient for a reasonable being, and all the rest superfluous. Without inclining too closely to either of these schools, let us freely admit that the art of good living—and by that we do not mean over-luxurious living—is one that tends very much to the welfare of mankind. It needs no very profound physiologist to inform us that ill-assorted and ill-cooked food will, in time, beget bad digestion,—then confirmed bad health, and then a degenerated state of the brain, even in the strongest organizations. The value of the sound mind in the sound body has been recognised in all ages; and he is guilty of the gross folly of self-neglect, who permits the fear of being ridiculed as a gourmand to prevent him from studying those principles upon which the good gifts of Nature may be judiciously applied to the sustenance of the human frame.

These very general reflections have been suggested to us by the perusal of Mrs. Tabitha Tickletooth's admirable little volume, which is indeed one of the most useful and sensible manuals upon the subject with which we are acquainted. We do not propose to enter very deeply into the subject, which was nearly exhausted during the memorable discussions excited by the momentous question, "How to live on Three Hundred a Year?" and the famous letters of "G. H. M." in the columns of the *Times*. What will be much more to the purpose, and of far greater interest to the reader, will be to take a peep into Mrs. Tickletooth's book, and notice such matters in it as appear most worthy of observation, and likely to be of greatest service to the reader. In the first place, we not unnaturally inquire, Who is Mrs. Tickletooth? Alas! we know not. The frontispiece presents the *eidolon* of a comely, comfortable matron, in old-fashioned muslin cap, lace tippet, and apron; just such a sony, well-favoured woman as might easily be believed in her assertion, that she had given the utmost satisfaction to ever so many families of distinction. This pleasant picture is described as being from a photograph by Mr. Herbert Watkins, and it is not unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that Mrs. Tickletooth is a definite entity. Peace be with her! Long may she

* *The Dinner Question; or, How to Dine Well and Economically. Combining the Rudiments of Cookery with Useful Hints on Dinner-Giving and Serving.* By Tabitha Tickletooth. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. Pp. 192.

live to fill out the old-fashioned, uncinolined skirt which flows with such amplitude around her! Joy go with those who live under the shadow of her stewpans and her basting ladle! Health and happiness to those who fatten upon her *entrées* and her *entremets*! She is a woman who understands her subject, and as such we respect her.

Mrs. Tickletooth opens her book with "G. H. M.'s" letter describing the proper ordinance of a dinner. It had better have been left out. The letter had much of good in it, spoilt with more of nonsense, and to the whole composition the old criticism will apply, that what was good in it was old, and what was new was bad. Nothing can excuse the *niaiserie* of commending roses to be laid by the sides of the plates, as consolations for timid or stupid guests. Mrs. Tickletooth, however, evidently entertains no great amount of respect for the composition, since she appends to it the amusing parody wherewith *Punch* rebuked the ostentatious Heliogabalus of Berkeley Street. No, it is not for *gourmets* of this class that the worthy matron has indited her pages; the working-man's wife who sends her bit of meat and batter to the bake-house, will find in them a treasury of knowledge; the help-mate of the tradesman, who celebrates the Lord's-day with an added pudding, will bless her as a benefactress; the wives of even those who can afford to entertain their friends hospitably with a good dinner, will not consult her in vain; no one, indeed, but those who profess the very highest mysteries of gastronomy, and whose studies in the recondite pages of Carême, Ude, Beauvilliers, &c., enable them to despise her humble revelations, will consult her in vain. And perhaps even this last class might gain a useful hint or two, did they condescend to take some heed of her teachings. One great charm of this book, indeed, is that its authoress does not affect to despise the higher refinements of cookery. There is none of that vulgar declamation against "kick-shaws," which marks the regular, old Conservative English Cook. On the contrary, she puts a proper value upon these things, and even uses them when they can be made consistent with economy. "G. H. M." will be charmed to hear that the merits of *espagnole* and *velouté*, as "foundation sauces," are not overlooked—and more than that, he will find some charming little dishes named and described for the benefit of those who can afford an occasional indulgence in expense, such as would not be misplaced even upon his own lordly table. Here, for example, is a splendid and, what is more, a *practicable* receipt for Soup *à la bisque*—a triumph of the French kitchen; further on, the famous *Bouillabaisse*, sung by the great William Makepeace Thackeray; anon, the favourite and familiar *Sole au gratin* and the succulent *Poulet à la Marengo*, which fed the Conqueror of kings after that famous victory whence it derives its name. These, however, are but your "eates and delicates." To come to more common food, how can we sufficiently applaud the admirable receipts for Irish stew, stewed rump steak, and similar delicacies which crowd these pages? Even the archives of that cosy and appetising little gastronomic grotto in Cornhill, yept Birch's, have been ransacked to produce the veritable receipt there used for making that wondrously toothsome and most gelatinous compound, called "Birch's Mock-Turtle Soup." This, however, is not a secret for common cooks, but rather for those who have graduated in the art. Nor unenlivened with anecdotes are these practical formulæ, nor yet with quaint and time-honoured quips at the expense of hashed mutton, the cold shoulder, and other similarly detestable family abominations. Utility is combined with ornament in these pages in a manner which proves the accomplished housekeeper.

One of the pleasantest and most useful features in the volume, is the number of original receipts with which it abounds. The sage oracle of the Cleikum Inn, after coming to the end of her list of puddings, well observed that, in addition to these, everybody should have "My own Pudding." Mrs. Tickletooth, however, is not satisfied with a pudding, and we find everywhere in her pages such matters as "chicken-pie à la Tickletooth," "plum-pudding à la Tickletooth," and a "goose-stuffing à la Tickletooth," so mild in its qualities, that Daphnis and Chloe, on their wedding tour, could not object to partake of it.

We have the word of the authoress, that "every receipt in this book is founded upon my personal experience." That is much to say, and we believe it; for although it would have been possible to collect an equal number of receipts, and print them in a book, it would not have been possible to lay down such admirably practical principles as are to be found everywhere in it. Apparently, there is not much in saying that to fry fish properly you must have in your pan enough boiling fat, oil, or dripping "to swim the fish;" and yet that is a truth which nine tenths of "plain" cooks neglect or ignore, and which is the cause of the abominable burnt or flaccid specimens of the finny tribe, which infest the tables of our middle classes. The proper comprehension of this piece of advice leads to the little understood truth, that frying is, after all, nothing but *boiling in oil*. Most of our cooks *frizzle*; they don't know how to *fry*.

There is a capital chapter towards the end of the volume on public dining-houses in England and France, and we cordially agree with the authoress in assigning the superiority to the best London houses over the same class in Paris. French cookery, as it may be obtained at Philippe's, or the Café de Paris, is a very fine thing, and at the same time a very expensive one. For the same price at which a first-rate dinner may be had at either of these temples of Apicius, an equally good dinner may be had, and by the best French artists, at the Clarendon or the Burlington; but when you go lower down the scale, the superiority of some of our London houses is manifest. Where, in all Paris, is such a dinner to be obtained, at an ything approaching the same price, as may be had at Simpson's in the Strand, the Albion, the Rainbow, or even at the Wellington for the London Dinner? Certainly not at the dingy and odorous

dens in the Palais Royal, where the *gourmet* may be refreshed with soup, three *plats*, dessert, half a bottle of wine, and bread *à discrétion* for two francs. Mrs. Tickletooth speaks strongly on the demerits of this disgusting refectory.

But the reader will say that we have occupied quite enough of his time about a mere cookery book, and perhaps we have; yet in our opinion, if he has learned a single fact which will enable him to enjoy life better than heretofore,—or if, better still, he finds that we have coaxed him into spending a shilling upon Mrs. Tickletooth's little volume—his time will not have been spent unprofitably.

RECENT NOVELS.*

TO the heart satiated alike with pleasure as with pain, the recollections of boyhood, with its airy castles and fearless disregard of all impediments, comes back like a gleam of sunshine in a forest, hitherto impervious even to the rays of noon. No man, however his moral nature may have degenerated by constant intercourse with the world, but can con over with pleasurable sensations that period of his life when his actions were all dictated by generous principles and spontaneous impulses; when the divine image in which he was created had not been quite erased and obscured by the unhallowed yearnings of humanity; when the one purpose of his soul was to emulate the deeds of great and just men who had gone before him, and add another to the list of sainted individuals whose names had contributed lustre to the age of Christianity.

It is, therefore, with renewed enjoyment that we turn over many of the pages of a new novel from the pen of Mr. Farrar. "Julian Home" is well calculated to recal vividly to the mind, not only our own early school-days, but the more advanced period of scholastic life. In the earlier chapters especially, a charming picture is presented to us in the person of the hero, whose youthful mind, as yet, has not been turned aside from its original state of purity and truth. He is introduced to us as a pattern of juvenile virtue, possessing, even at that early age, a spirit of deep humility which prompts him greatly to depreciate his own superior talents, and to magnify to an exorbitant degree the mediocre gifts of his fellow-students. His mind is framed in the most delicate and sensitive mould, his keen susceptibilities exposing him to the easy shafts of such ill-conditioned of his school companions as have chosen to constitute themselves his enemies. To demonstrate the trials and vexations which such a mind must necessarily undergo in the course of a laborious college career, is the present intention of the author,—an intention he has thoroughly succeeded in carrying out to the letter. The scene of his trials is, of course, Cambridge. The difficulties of Julian's position were considerably augmented by the necessity of his entering the college of Saint Werner's as a sizar, which necessity arose from the impoverished state of his family, and an unhappy difference with a wealthy female relation, who had signified an intention of nominating him the sole heir to her property. Under these circumstances he has to groan in spirit beneath the taunts and innuendoes elicited by the envy of certain of his fellow collegians, particularly galling to a spirit so easily accessible to ridicule. This part of the work should be commended for its truthfulness to nature, and the author's invective against some of the internal regulations, by which a distinction is made (on certain public occasions) between the sizars and their more wealthy though often less accomplished brethren. In a public institution, whose avowed object is the instilling of the highest degree of learning into such minds as are capable of receiving it, there should be but one distinction,—that of industry and superior attainments.

It is certainly a pity that novelists, for the sake of a situation to enliven a particular part of their story, should sacrifice the consistency of the whole. This is an error into which Mr. Farrar has unhappily fallen. That the situation is a striking one we allow; but it is both forced and unnatural, and entirely incompatible with the former picture he has given us of his hero's character. Julian Home has hitherto been presented to the reader as a youth of a reflective and even poetical turn of mind; though extremely sensitive, yet amiable and unresentful under injuries; certainly not inclined to harbour either passionate or vindictive feelings, even against his worst of foes; suffering opposition, but, under no provocation, offering any. The great object of his life was the acquirement of knowledge,—knowledge, says the author, "for its own sake," and not to secure the attainment of an ulterior ambitious project. In process of time, Home, having incurred the hatred and jealousy of an idle, reprobate fellow, Brogton,—a disgrace to his college,—becomes subjected to much vexation through sundry practical jokes, which the latter has invented for the purpose of irritating and annoying his unoffending adversary. All these, however, Julian has both the good sense and good temper to treat with profound contempt, and receives them in the spirit of a most stoical and philosophical indifference, thereby entirely baffling the designs of his enemy. And now comes the inconsistency, for which, we confess, we were totally unprepared by the former treatment of the work. The Clerkland scholarship being at this time open to competition among the undergraduates, the hero is of course found foremost in the ranks of those who, by diligence and persevering industry, are endeavouring, heart and soul, to gain the prize. The last morning but one of the examination had arrived, when

Julian Home; a Tale of College Life. By Frederic W. Farrar, A.B., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of "Eric; or, Little by Little." Adam and Charles Black.

Lucy Crofton. By the author of "Margaret Maitland." "Adam Graeme," "The Days of My Life," &c. (Hurst and Blackett.)

only three more papers remained to be prepared, and Julian having progressed so far favourably, it was the general opinion throughout the college that he would prove the successful candidate. At this culminating point in his career, and just as the hour is about to strike which should usher his re-entrance into court, he finds himself suddenly impeded in his further progress by being what is technically termed "screened in." This is the last bit of spite practised against him by his enemy Brogton. That passionate indignation should for a time entirely overcome the poor youth, notwithstanding his philosophical tendencies, is perfectly natural: that is, so long as this formidable obstacle to the fulfilment of his wishes should continue to exist: but, immediately that obstacle was removed, and the hour thus fruitlessly expended had been recovered to him by the kindness and indulgence of the examiner, the object for which he was contending would again absorb his energies, and stifle, for a time at least, his desire of vengeance upon the despicable opponent who had thus unsuccessfully endeavoured to ruin him in the hour of triumph. This, however, is not the opinion of the author. At this crisis, an entire revolution seems to take place in the mind and disposition of his hero, who becomes suddenly so overwhelmed with fury, hatred, and vindictiveness, that he is utterly incapable of concentrating his thoughts upon anything but his injury. He enters the examination court pale and haggard, and instead of taking advantage of the few remaining hours for preparation, he sits brooding over this petty insult, and adding fuel to the wrathful flame that was gathering in his bosom. Subsequently, he horsewhips his opponent—an act unjustifiable in itself, and particularly so in the present instance, as sufficient time had elapsed for reflection, and the recovery of a naturally mild and forgiving disposition. Eventually, Julian fails in obtaining the scholarship. This is the only part of the book which incurs our censure. The peculiar gentleness and docility of young Home's character are again restored, and we do not find him giving vent to any more such, to use the author's own words, "gusts of the soul" to the end of the volume. Julian, of course, ultimately succeeds in all his wishes, gains the principal honours of the university, and finally becomes a minister of the Church of England, having previously, however, been reconciled to his only female relation, and allied himself with Eva, the sister of his old college friend and companion, Edward Kennedy; who is, perhaps, one of the best conceived characters in the book. Possessing, originally, a virtuous and ingenuous mind, coupled with abilities of no ordinary worth and description, his career serves to show that man requires a surer foundation than the mere unaided instincts of his own generous heart, for the full resistance of evil in the hour of temptation. Kennedy was high-principled, high-spirited, and, alas! self-confident; this single failing proved his downfall, as it has of many a better and greater man before him: in an unguarded moment the weakness of the flesh overcame the workings of a nobler spirit, and he fell. Having once deviated from the straight path of rectitude and honour, little by little, step by step, he sinks, almost unconsciously, into the full vortex of evil passions, and is only saved from the last crowning act of desperation and impiety by the appearance of a miracle.

Altogether the book is well and eloquently written. The language is always fluent and figurative, and at times poetical. An instance of the latter may be found in the description of the Schiltbhorn, in Switzerland. The falling avalanche, sounding in the distance like so many peals of thunder, the reverberating echoes of the hills, the large prairies, or fields of snow, seeming to the eye to reach to an almost interminable distance,—all this is brought vividly and graphically before the imagination.

The author of "Margaret Maitland" has also contributed a new novel to the new year, in which she has, however, not aimed at any high flight of composition: she had a simple tale to tell, and she has told it simply—too simply, perhaps. The events, or rather "scenes," for events there are none, follow each other in easy and natural succession,—never startling us with an inconsistency, nor, on the other hand, calling our attention to any particular part as distinguished by its superiority from the general level of the story. Each succeeding chapter is a continuation of the former, written in the same smooth and unpretending language; yet carrying with it an amount of interest, which, in part, redeems it from the prevailing monotony.

Lucy Crofton is an orphan, who, at the early age of eighteen, is left entirely dependent upon her relatives. She, however, contrary to the general rule of young ladies placed in her unhappy position, has nothing to complain of in the house of her cousin, Derwent Crofton, who, together with his wife, bestows upon her every kindness and consideration which her unprotected and bereaved condition could awaken. Lucy Crofton, however, is a heroine in whose disposition there is not to be found the faintest tinge of sentimentality, and we are not long in discovering that her heart is equally devoid of all feelings of affection and generosity. After in vain endeavouring to win the affections of a certain gentleman, whom she knew to have been previously affianced, she perfidiously enters into an engagement with Bertie Nugent, a relative of her cousin's wife, a youth totally inexperienced in the frauds and deceptions of the world. At the same time, in order to secure herself against all chances, she keeps up a correspondence with another gentleman, the heir of a wealthy proprietor, to whom she had clandestinely promised her hand before her father's death, and for whose sake she finally deserts the less wealthy but more highly accomplished Bertie;—thereby proving the infallibility of woman's instinct in relation to those of her own sex. Mrs. Crofton, Derwent's wife, having suspected her integrity from the first.

With such slender materials as these, there cannot, necessarily, be much room for development. But we have no doubt that this little volume will give satisfaction to a particular section of readers, who wish to obtain a few hours' wholesome recreation, without undergoing any very great amount of excitement.

PROVERBS.*

THERE is no better collection of proverbs in any language than this. As introduction it has a very able dissertation on the nature, the origin, and the value of the proverb. This essay is as wise and profound as the wisest and profoundest of the proverbs themselves. Most of the proverbs given are illustrated by parallel proverbs in the provincial dialects of Germany, or in foreign languages. Proverbs are either universal, national, or local. Those peculiar to a locality are few compared to the proverbs belonging to a nation, and these are few compared to such as are the treasure of the whole human race. To study proverbs well, we should always endeavour to ascertain what are local, what national, what universal.

We recommend Dr. Körte's book to the scholar, and also to him who is not ashamed to learn how to be nobler and more pious from the lips of the people. We have thrown into the shape of simple rhymes some of the proverbs, and shall endeavour from time to time to draw fruitful truths from Dr. Körte's volume. The examples we have selected are from the German, with two exceptions:—

Counsels.

Honour the old,
Send the young to school,
Question the wise,
And bear the fool.

Secrets. (French.)

The secret of two is the secret of God.
The secret of three soon travels abroad.

The Shedder of Blood.

The man who bathes his hand in blood,
Must wash it white in ceaseless tears;
No more for him the happy mood;
Ever for him the anguished years.

The Wicked.

Be not so bold, ye Sons of Evil;
Ye may cheat the Hangman, but not the Devil.

Error.

Much have I erred, but more by error known,
Than path the straightest ever could have taught;
I left the High Way, wandered forth alone,
And climbed the Heights of Action and of Thought.

Purity.

Like the wanderer's foot on the snow,
Be ever my lot;
Leaving the trace of the path I go,
But staining not.

Wasted Voices.

Prodigal praise at the dead man's tomb
Is the nightingale's song in the deaf man's room.

A Prince's Motto.

Better lose land and people both,
Than stain the name with a broken oath.

The Melody of Prayer.

There is in all eternity,
No music half so sweet
As when Man's bosom fervently
Bounds forth its God to meet.

Royal Wisdom.

The calf is a prince where the ox is a king,
But this is not such a wonderful thing
As that men should be slaves without daring to laugh,
Where the king is an ox, and the prince is a calf.

Silk and Gold.

With gold fill a sack up to the tie,
The sack is not turned into silk thereby.

Sand and Marble.

To-day you scrawl along the sand,
To be o'erwhelmed by the next wave,
What yesterday on marble grand
You should have striven to engrave.

The Singer's Guide.

He who when singing begins too high,
Quickly finds his throat grow dry;
If the donkey commenced in a lower key,
He would not force the folks to flee.

Exercise.

All the Arts come by Exercise,
Liars learn lies by lying,
Through a window an old woman was thrown,
To teach her the art of flying.

The Hero and the Coward.

More victory gains the brave man's glance,
Than the coward's longest, strongest lance.

Apostles.

Twelve Apostles Christ's standard bore,
Those bearing the Devil's are many a score.

Duty at Home.

Your house and your court, if you sweep through and through,
You find work for all your best besoms to do.

Dancing.

He will never be first in the ball
Who buys new shoes, and thinks that is all.

* Die Sprichwörter der Deutschen. Gesammelt von Dr. Wilhelm Körte. (The Proverbs of the Germans. Collected by Dr. William Körte.) Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus.

Life and Death.
In dying, all death ceases;
Life lost, our life increases.

Affinity. (Italian.)
The deformed ever the conformed meet;
The dwarf finds a wife in the neighbouring street.

Punishment.
When stairs are washed, the top comes first,
And the lowest step is cleansed the last:
The highest rogues should be foremost cursed,
But now small rogues into prison are cast;
While the title, the cross, the riband, the star,
Are heaped on chief scoundrels in peace and in war.

The Vine.
Four bunches of grapes doth the good vine bear:
The first is for thirst, take a hearty pull;
The second for health, to warm the blood,
And in northern climes it is ever too cool;
The third is for friendship, love, and joy,
To bring back to the man the dreams of the boy;
The fourth is only, O drunkard! for thee.
Though every good fellow may taste it thrice,
To teach him a little more humble to be,
And not pester his neighbours with silly advice.

Love Immortal.
A mother's love is never cold;
A mother's love is never old:
A mother's love is ever true,
A mother's love is nine times new.

Drinking.
To him who is fond of drinking God always gives enough,
For if there is not beer or wine, there is ever the water-trough.

Blood and Bravery.
Patrician blood, without a soul divine,
Is like a lightless lantern in a mine.

Impunity.
Whoso deals with apes and priests,
Finds that he never can punish the beasts.

Solitude.
The more thou deemest thyself alone,
The further thou art from solitude;
Thy devil will come if thy angel has flown,
Thy angel if thou thy fiend hast subdued.

Reverence.
Honour the old man's hair of snow,
If thou wouldst thyself the old man grow.

Official Religion.
For every egg they give to the Lord,
The king's servants rob the peasant of two;
And sometimes they rob the peasant of ten,
And give the Lord the shells to chew.

Laborious Trifling.
How wise are they, who spend coal and candle,
To change a house-beam to a besom-handle!

Human Infirmary.
Why murmur at the folly of the sagest among men?
You often find in nettles the egg of the wisest hen.

These renderings make no pretensions whatever to literalness. We have attempted to give the substance, the spirit. Rough as our translations may be, there will probably be seen a better proverbial philosophy gleaming through them than is contained in Martin Farquhar Tupper's huge heap of imbecilities. Did the great Martin ever read any proverbs except his own? If he had he would, no doubt, have discovered that a proverb should be pungent with pith and meaning, instead of containing no pith or meaning at all.

HOW TO GET A PLACE.*

PEACE and quietness are banished for ever from official life: up to the present time, nothing but the mysteries which surrounded public departments, and the intricacies of the path to the fountain-head of patronage, of which official reserve has kept so studiously the secret, has saved our great public dispensers from the deluge of importunity. These barriers are now thrown rudely down by Mr. Boulger; and not only is every possible information concerning the number, nature, and value of Government appointments given for three-and-sixpence; not only are the official almoners ruthlessly pointed out by the finger of publicity to the gaze of the hungry multitude, but rules for the best means of worrying a minister are laid down with gravity and pitiless exactitude. The "stereotyped answer" is to be disregarded; the candidate must ask specifically for some place, and not be put off.

"He must get his friend to apply again and again, not minding being considered importunate, and should have his application backed by a second or third influential friend; in short, he should not cease, when once he has determined to try his fortune in this way, to press his request till he obtains the desired nomination."

Imagine the effect of such words as these, circulated as they will be by tens of thousands, upon the mind of a still-vexed politician! one who, pestered as he is, and with terrible examples on his mind of one or two determined askers, has still rubbed his hands at the thought, "What would this come to if they only knew?" He will say, "Are the sweets of office worth all this? No: Perish patronage! Perish jobs! Let who will have my place, only let me flee away and be at rest."

* *The Master Key to Public Offices, and Candidates' Complete Instruction.* By John Boulger, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Editor of the *Civil Service Gazette*, &c. Houlston and Wright.

The publication of a handbook of the 'importunate, or applicant's guide, will, perhaps, have the effect of destroying that system to which it was called into being to minister, and into whose holiest places it has penetrated. The unhappy possessor of patronage, if he would preserve the balance of his mind, must either so rearrange his system, that the path pointed out by Mr. Boulger shall lead to certain exclusion, or he must abandon his loaves and fishes to the competition of the ruthless public. Nothing but their ignorance has hitherto saved him. Now that the labyrinth can be threaded for three-and-sixpence, and the poisoned cup of mendicancy for ever presented to his lips, he has no choice but either to baffle his pursuers by fresh intricacies, or renounce the objects of his strong affection.

On what principle the patrons of the law offices have been spared, unless it be from a fellow-feeling for his kind on the part of the author, we are at a loss to understand. The establishments of the Courts of Common Law, Chancery, and Probate are, we should suppose, as much public offices as any others; but we can only congratulate the superiors of those departments on their escape, and assure them that their secret shall never be divulged by us.

Mr. Boulger's book is very carefully compiled, very accurate, and very useful in many respects. It will command a large sale; statisticians, economical politicians, and administrative reformers will buy it, in addition to the thousands who have so long been waiting for a guide to the penetralia of the public service.

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.*

A BOOK of adventures of the once dashing Lord Cochrane, now eighty-five years of age, and that book an autobiography, is necessarily replete with heroic interest. We regret to add that it is little to the credit of the British Admiralty. Next to the treatment of Nelson, nothing was ever more disgraceful to that body. England is little indebted to her politicians for her triumphs, whether on land or sea. Her brave men unwillingly employed, and inadequately assisted, but daringly determined to serve their country at all odds, despite the treachery of factions at home, have done the deeds to which she owes her safety or supremacy. The Earl of Dundonald will be numbered among the most valiant and the most wronged of our naval heroes. How long will the incompetency of our official authorities, and their jealousy of the truly great in those who serve them, continue to reflect shame on our national annals?

In this volume, we find the affair in the Basque Roads with Lord Gambier placed in its true light, and our autobiographer vindicated on unimpeachable evidence. It was one of the most striking schemes ever proposed, for the destruction of the French *estacade* that then threatened to baffle all attempts to disturb their position. But Lord Cochrane had been appointed to the stern duty from ministerial necessity, not choice; and when he arrived at the fleet found himself received with jealousy by many of the officers, who were not willing to be superseded by one who was the junior of every one of them. Lord Gambier's conduct was disgraceful, such that Lord Cochrane was determined to oppose the vote of thanks to him in Parliament. In consequence, he was compelled to demand a court-martial, which was so conducted as to be a blot on the face of our history. However, here we have the true tale at last; and learn that sooner or later the Muse of History is inevitably just.

The deeds of the Earl of Dundonald are in accordance with those of his ancestry. Tradition, he begins with telling us, has assigned to the Cochranes a derivation from one of the Scandinavian sea-rovers, who, in a remote age, settled on the lands of Renfrew and Ayr. Robert Cochran, Earl of Mar, mason and courtier of King James III., who was murdered by the nobility, was also his ancestor, a man much maligned, but evidently of commanding talent and patriotism. He makes a point of importance, in his introductory chapter, of showing the connection of the family with the Stuarts, and their adherents. The autobiographer himself was born December 14, 1775, at Annsfield, in Lanarkshire; his father was Archibald, ninth Earl of Dundonald, and his mother, Anna Gilchrist, daughter of Captain Gilchrist, a distinguished officer of the royal navy. Of the ancestral domains, the present Earl never inherited a foot; the whole having been expended in the defence of the Stuarts, and swallowed up by mortgages. His outset in life was that of heir to a peerage, without other expectations than those arising from his own exertions. His father was of a scientific turn, and, to retrieve the family estate, ventured into manufacturing projects, which proved ruinous to him. In 1782, Lord Thomas visited with his father James Watt, then residing at Handsworth, near Birmingham. They discoursed on the illuminating property of coal gas, a fact which the Earl had discovered in a tar kiln at Culross Abbey; but neither then thought of turning it to practical account.

Owing to the family ruin, the education of the present Earl of Dundonald was irregular and deficient;—it was altogether impeded by his removal to London.

Our seaman was now started in life, and indeed had also procured for him at the same time a military commission; but he preferred the naval service. An offer of his uncle to receive him on board his frigate was accepted; the Earl of Hopetoun considerably

* *The Autobiography of a Seaman.* By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B., Admiral of the Red, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, &c. Vol. I. Richard Bentley.

advancing £100 for his equipment. His father gave him his gold watch for his keepsake—the only patrimony he ever inherited. He went on board the *Hind* at Sheerness; joining that ship 27th June, 1793, and going with it on a trip to Norway. From this he was transferred to the *Thetis*, and was soon made acting lieutenant; not only of that ship but of the *Africa*, the *Lynx*, and the *Resolution*. Afterwards he joined Lord Keith's ship, who had replaced Lord St. Vincent. Here we have an anecdote or two of Lord Nelson, whom he met at Palermo, and who there gave him the characteristic advice—"Never mind manœuvres, always go at them." The advice, we know, was not lost on the recipient. Lord Cochrane was next appointed to the *Speedy*, and his experience at this time serves to illustrate our naval administration sixty years ago. To this period also belongs the boarding of the Spanish xebec frigate, *Gama*, in which our seaman well exemplified the counsel which he had received from Lord Nelson.

We await the second volume of this work with great interest.

SERIALS.

THE great increase in numbers of small periodicals, some of them of well-designed utility, not a little embarrasses the critic with a superabundance of materials, the disposition of which is a task of great difficulty.

Many are not even of a literary character; such, for instance, as *The Post Magazine*, *Almanack*, and *Insurance Directory* for 1860, which offers for sixpence 140 octavo pages of reliable information. The Directory contains the title, objects, place of office, board-days, and principal officers of every insurance company in Great Britain and Ireland, and a list of the directors of all the fire and life insurance companies. Particulars are also given of the changes that have taken place among insurance companies, and of forty offices at present winding-up in the Court of Chancery. In its peculiar class, this publication is of unrivalled excellence.—We always welcome with pleasure Dr. Winslow's *Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology*. The present number (XVII.) commences with a quarterly retrospect of psychology, and deals much with the Decadence of Quakerism, as illustrative of mental disease, a subject which, as our readers know, has lately been much discussed. There are some sensible remarks on homicidal mania, and the danger of suffering patients of that class to be at large. Popular clamour, it is complained, has compelled medical men and the proprietors of asylums to dismiss from superintendence some dangerous lunatics, whose cases have been characterized by long fits of interruption; and reference is made to the case of James Moore, as the third instance of murder committed by individuals recently discharged from asylums within a period of eighteen months in this kingdom. The case of Mr. Pownall is also adduced. It is quite impossible to enter into the several arguments of the excellent articles that compose the number, but that on "Hysteria, in connexion with Religious Revivals," will probably excite most attention. An amusing paper on "Paradoxical Psychology" will reward perusal; saints, and sages of the school of Swedenborg are among the instances. Jung-Stilling, Mrs. Crowe, and Eusebius, also pass under review. Dr. Moreau, too, who has lately sought to identify genius with insanity, is not suffered to escape. A psychological biography of Dr. William Cullen is very instructive and interesting.—No. 5 of the *Edinburgh Veterinary Review* contains many good papers, and all have a business air that inspires confidence.—Mr. Wood's *Illustrated Natural History* (Part X.) continues still, both in its literature and its illustrations, to deserve high praise.—Mr. Milner's *Gallery of Nature* is, we perceive, completed. The work forms, altogether, one of the most useful of Messrs. Chambers' publications.—Moore's *National Aids* have advanced to the 8th number, and will be completed in two more.—Lord John Russell's *Memoirs* of the Poet have also commenced. Part I., with the poet's likeness, lies before us. The work is designed to extend to ten parts, and to be embellished with eight portraits, and two vignettes engraved on steel.—Routledge's *Shakespeare*, edited by H. Staunton, has arrived at its 47th part, which contains a portion of *Othello*, with notes.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

LORD COWLEY has taken leave of HER MAJESTY, and returned to London on Monday, Jan. 9, on his way to resume his official duties in Paris. On Wednesday, Jan. 11, the Queen gave a dramatic performance at Windsor Castle, to which eighty guests were invited. The play chosen for representation was the "Hunchback" of Sheridan Knowles.

On Sunday, Jan. 8, the theatres and public halls engaged for the special CHURCH and other RELIGIOUS services were again crowded with attentive audiences. A dispute has arisen out of alleged Tractarian proceedings at Enfield, between the vicar and his parishioners. On Saturday, Jan. 7, one of the churchwardens charged the vicar with an assault; the magistrates dismissed the charge as having no jurisdiction in the case. The Rev. Archer Gurney, minister of a Church of England congregation meeting in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, was interdicted by the French police from holding his services on Sunday, Jan. 8, and is ordered to close his chapel. He has appealed to the Emperor. On Wednesday, Jan. 11, the "Baron" de Camin was announced to deliver a lecture against the

"Papal system and Nunneries" in the Circus at Hull. A mob of Irish broke down one side of the building, and chased him round the town; by the aid of the police he narrowly escaped with his life.

Among POLITICAL EVENTS we notice a Cabinet Council on Tuesday, Jan. 10, which was attended by all the ministers. On Monday, Jan. 9, the Solicitor-General was re-elected for Durham, without opposition; and on Tuesday, Jan. 10, Sir F. Goldsmid, at Reading election, defeated Mr. Benson, by a majority of 102.

The great SOCIAL EVENT of the week has been the funeral of Lord Macaulay; he was buried, without any pomp, on Monday, Jan. 9; a very large concourse of spectators were present, including many noblemen, members of parliament, and celebrated authors. The pall-bearers were, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, the Earls Stanhope and Carlisle, the Bishop of Oxford, the Dean of St. Paul's, Sir George Lewis, Sir Henry Holland, Sir David Dundas. The remains of the great author now lie in Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

On Wednesday, Jan. 12, the GRAPHIC SOCIETY held their second meeting, at which there was a large attendance of visitors and members. Some beautiful works of art were exhibited, among which were drawings by Lewis, Catermole, Hunt, and Holland. A charming sketch by Gainsborough, executed in black chalk, was a feature of the evening; and there were many other interesting drawings.

The Registrar-General's return of the state of the Metropolitan PUBLIC HEALTH for the week ending Tuesday, Jan. 10, shows a decrease in the number of deaths in consequence of the warmer weather. The deaths were 91 below the estimated average. The number of births was 2,008.

A crowded PUBLIC MEETING was held in the Town Hall, Birmingham, on Friday, Jan. 6, to hear addresses on the Reform question, from Messrs. Scholefield and Bright. The former said that all parties were agreed as to the absolute necessity of reform; that education had made great advances since 1830, the working men of the present day being as intelligent and well instructed as the middle classes at that time; they were therefore entitled to the same electoral privileges. The House of Commons would be greatly improved by some more immediate representatives of the working classes. Mr. Bright went into the history of Lord John Russell's bills of 1852 and 1854, offering respectively a £5 and a £6 franchise, which had been withdrawn. The new bill he allowed would be a compromise; but not a deception, like Lord Derby's. The Derby ministry's appeal to the constituencies, had involved an amount of corruption which had never been equalled. Mr. Bright then said that the new bill would be similar to Lord John Russell's measure of 1852; and after a long dissertation upon the inequalities of the present representative distribution, remarked—that according to Mr. Disraeli's declaration during the debate on the Reform Bill brought in by the Conservatives—that party ought to support a £6 rental franchise. He warned the Government to keep good faith with the people; they had but a bare majority, and the Tories are strong and united. Even if the bill were carried, there would be twenty-two millions without a vote or a representative. The House of Lords had been placed in a more flourishing condition by the last Reform Bill than they enjoyed before it, and if they were not obstructive now, they might preserve their privileges and influence. On Monday, Jan. 9, at Greenwich, Alderman Salomons addressed a numerous meeting. In his opinion, England should not send a representative to a European congress, but leave the Italians to settle their own affairs. The Alderman spoke in favour of indirect taxation; and said he believed that the new Reform Bill would be a compromise. On the same day there was a Reform demonstration at Newcastle, where Lord Teynham advocated manhood suffrage, and inveighed against the game laws. At this meeting, Mr. Washington Wilks claimed a vote for every man of twenty-one who could read.

FROM IRELAND, we hear of a meeting of the Liberal electors of the county of Londonderry, on Friday, Jan. 6, at Coleraine, to present an address and £1000 to Mr. S. Greer, in reimbursement of his expenses in contesting the last election. On this occasion, Mr. Greer declared there was no hope for purity of election, except in the ballot. The meetings of sympathy with the Pope continue. At the Dundalk assembly, on Sunday, Jan. 8, Dean Kiernan reviewed the career of Louis Napoleon, and soundly abused him; he added that the sympathy of English ministers and the English nation were with the rebels of the Romagna. On Monday, Jan. 9, the great metropolitan meeting was held in Dublin: Archbishop Cullen said he would not judge the French Emperor, but hope that he might once again return to his duty to the Church, and act for the benefit of religion; he condemned the "wicked pamphlet." At this meeting Ald. Reynolds professed his loyalty to the Queen, as well as to the Pope; but this declaration did not give satisfaction.

IN NAVAL and MILITARY events, we notice the launch of the *Espeir*, a screw schooner of the new class, on Saturday, Jan. 7. Her armament consists of only five guns, of enormous calibre. In the Gazette of Tuesday, Jan. 10, appear the rules and regulations of the Army Reserve Corps, as to pay and allowances, arms, clothing, equipment, and pensions. On Wednesday, Jan. 10, James Martin and John Dillon, privates of the Royal Marine Artillery, were tried by court martial on board the "Impregnable" in Hamoaze, for using scurrilous language and knocking down Lieut. Daly, of the Marines, while on duty. The court found them guilty.

Martin was sentenced to be hanged at the yard-arm; Dillon to fifty lashes, two years' imprisonment, and loss of all pay.

On Monday, Jan. 9, at a meeting of the South Middlesex VOLUNTEERS, the movement was advocated by Lords Ranelagh and Radstock. Colonel Evelyn gave his opinion that the volunteers should be trained to act in masses; and took occasion to observe that all improvements in military affairs for the last twenty years had been originated and carried out by civilians; he added that we should not rest satisfied with 80,000 volunteers, while Paris alone could boast 200,000 national guards. At Watford on the same day, the Earl of Clarendon said that the movement had already produced the most salutary results, and was the most complete scheme ever invented for the preservation of peace; it had also done much good by amalgamating different ranks of society. He hoped it would not be suffered to degenerate into mere ephemeral enthusiasm; in that case they would be the laughing-stock of history. On Tuesday, Jan. 10, at Christchurch, the Earl of Malmesbury and Admiral Walcott spoke in favour of rifle volunteers; and in London, the Lord Mayor announced that the London brigade numbers upwards of 1100 effectives, and is hourly increasing. On Tuesday, also, at Paddington, Vice-Chancellor Kindersley advocated the movement, describing the popular feeling as that of a man who carries a stick to keep off robbers, but has no fear of them; it is, he added, an instance of the patriotic spirit of the people themselves; the Government have done little to forward the measure. On Wednesday, Jan. 10, it was announced that the Duke of Cambridge had accepted the Colonelcy of the London Rifle Brigade. On Thursday, Jan. 12, the Lord Chancellor addressing the Inns of Court Corps, said: "This movement is not prompted by apprehension of danger nor suspicion of foreign powers, but by the opinion that the martial spirit of our population has not of late years been sufficiently encouraged; the Volunteer Corps of 1803 ought to have been kept up till now."

The chronicle of CRIMINAL and other TRIALS this week is happily a light one. On Tuesday, Jan. 10, there was a case of hard-swear- ing at the Middlesex Sessions; one, Charles Taylor, accused of burglary, was positively identified as the thief by two witnesses; while an alibi was as distinctly sworn to by two others. The Judge remanded the prisoner till next session. A coroner's jury on Monday, Jan. 9, found a verdict of "wilful murder" against Harriet Moore, an inmate of the Petworth Union, for poisoning her own child with white precipitate. On Jan. 9, an inquiry was held at Wolverhampton into a case of desecration of a Jewish cemetery committed in the hope of finding treasure buried with the dead. On Tuesday, Jan. 10, a mason named Laurance was examined before the Devonport magistrates on a charge of conspiracy, with a view to rob the pay-office in the dockyard, where there is sometimes £30,000 at one time. It was shown that he had endeavoured to obtain impressions of the keys; but the evidence was thought insufficient, and he was discharged. On Wednesday, Jan. 11, the case of Swinfen against the Lord Chancellor came again before the Court of Exchequer. Application was made for a new trial; judgment deferred. On Tuesday, Jan. 10, two mates of the American ship "Anna" were brought before the Isle of Wight magistrates, charged with brutally ill-treating and finally murdering several black seamen: they were remanded. On Wednesday, Jan. 11, an inquest was held, in London, on the body of another seaman, said to have been starved and cruelly beaten on board the American ship "Wizard King," which caused his death. Inquiry adjourned.

In the POLICE reports we find Mr. L. S. MAGNUS, a director of the Great Ship Company, charged before the Lord Mayor on Thursday, Jan. 12, with sending a challenge to Mr. H. GUEDALLA, who had made some unpleasant remarks upon the accused and his father. Mr. MAGNUS was bound over to keep the peace.

The CASUALTIES include the destruction by fire, on Sunday, Jan. 8, of the church of St. Andrew, in Dublin; a large building, but without architectural beauty. On Thursday, Jan. 12, there were three cases in different parts of London of children burnt to death who had been left alone by their mothers.

On Tuesday, Jan. 10, arrived telegrams in anticipation of the INDIAN mail of Dec. 8. Jung Bahadur is operating against the rebels in Terai. The submarine cable has been successfully laid between Singapore and Batavia. Quiet is restored at Sarawak. On Thursday, Jan. 12, a later telegram, dated Bombay, Dec. 27, announced that the campaign in Nepal is over, and that all the rebels have surrendered except the Begam.

The COMMERCIAL reports of this week inform us that on Jan. 11 the sugar market in Mincing Lane had a "firm" appearance; the public sales of coffee went off without spirit. In tea, business was done at full prices; in rum the trade was limited. The Liverpool cotton market on Jan. 10, was quiet, without change in prices. From the country corn markets of Jan. 11, we hear that the supply of wheat is plentiful, and that there is a slight decline in price. The English funds have shown a trifling decline since the beginning of the week. The French Three per Cents. are going down, and there has been, apparently, a disinclination to invest money; while trade is at a standstill. On Wednesday, Jan. 11, a very stormy meeting of the Great Ship Company was held. The directors have resigned; and a committee of investigation was demanded. After a long discussion it was resolved to decide this question by ballot next week. On Thursday, Jan. 12, Consols were quoted at 95½ for money, and 95¼ for the account. The quotation for the French Three per Cent. Rentes on the same day at Paris, was 68. 55 c.

FOREIGN.

On Sunday, Jan. 8, there was held an extraordinary council of the FRENCH ministers. M. Thouvenel left Constantinople on the 6th Jan. to assume the office of Foreign Minister in Paris, where he is expected to-morrow, Dec. 15. On Monday, Jan. 9, it was announced that the command in Italy has been given to Marshal Macmahon, in place of Marshal Vaillant. On Wednesday, Jan. 11, a letter was received from Paris, which states, that in August last the English Government made proposals to Louis Napoleon to come to an arrangement on Italian matters. These negotiations are about to be resumed, it is said. The *Opinion National* of Thursday, Jan. 12, says the *rapprochement* between England and France will not lead to a treaty. England will remain in an attitude of "sympathetic neutrality." The *Morning Chronicle* of the same day announces that a new commercial treaty is being negotiated between England and France, on the basis of mutual advantage. On Wednesday, Jan. 11, M. Lesseps arrived at Marseilles. He announces that active preparations are being made for the execution of the Suez canal.

From CENTRAL ITALY, we learn that on Sunday, Jan. 1, Baron Ricasoli, at Florence, in a speech to the officers of the National Guard, said, that the necessity of curtailing the Pope's temporal power was evident, and that a kingdom of Central Italy would be a renewal of the old system with another name. On Friday, Jan. 6, the Pope, on receiving the news of Count Walewski's resignation, declared that he would never fail in the mission intrusted to him, but would rather suffer exile, or even martyrdom. On Monday, Jan. 9, the *Patrie* denied that the Pope was about to leave Rome. On Wednesday, Jan. 11, the *Moniteur* published a speech of the Pope to Gen. Goyon about the "pamphlet," which his Holiness termed a signal monument of hypocrisy, teeming with contradictions. A letter from the Emperor to the Pope recommends him to give up the revolted provinces, and ask the Powers to guarantee the remainder to him. On Thursday, Jan. 5, by the advice of the King of Sardinia, Garibaldi dissolved the society called *La Nazione Armata*, at the same time issuing a proclamation, in which he invites every Italian to subscribe to the fund for a million of muskets; "if Italy cannot defend herself with these, he despairs of humanity." In Venice the theatres are all closed, the people having taken to stop away as a political demonstration. On Wednesday, Jan. 11, the Duc de Grammont demanded his recall from the Papal Court. On the same day demonstrations at Ancona and Pesaro took place, against the temporal power of the Pope; these were organised by the revolutionary committee at Bologna.

A telegram of Tuesday, Jan. 10, says, that the AUSTRIAN Government have desired Prince Metternich to communicate to the French cabinet its determination to enter into no negotiations on Italian affairs, save on the basis of the Zurich and Villafranca treaties.

The despatches received by way of Madrid give all the laurels to Queen Isabella's soldiers in the war between SPAIN and MOROCCO. Their news is that on Thursday, Jan. 5, the Spaniards were attacked in the Valle Negro by 4000 Moors, whom they repulsed by their artillery; the health of the Spanish troops is improving. On the 7th Jan., the Spanish army defied out of the valley without opposition. On the 8th Jan., a further advance was made, the troops carrying provisions for five days.

A letter on the state of HUNGARY, dated Pesth, Jan. 2, says that the Szekely population of Transylvania have refused to pay the taxes; being of the purest Magyar blood, these are much looked up to by other Hungarians. The Austrian Government is marching large numbers of troops into the province, and a collision is imminent.

A telegram from Marseilles, of the date of Wednesday, Jan. 11, quotes letters from Constantinople to the 4th, which announce that public agitation was increasing. It was supposed that Fuad Pacha would soon be dismissed. The Emperor of Russia had forwarded decorations to the Pachas who were sent to Odessa to congratulate him.

Telegrams arrived on Wednesday, Jan. 11, in anticipation of the CHINA mail of Nov. 26. The treaty between the United States and China has been put in force. Part of the British force has left Canton for the north.

On Monday, the 9th January, arrived the mails from the UNITED STATES. The President's Message was delivered on Dec. 27. The President says that the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, by causing people to reflect, will prevent future mischief of that kind. He congratulates the House upon the final settlement by the Supreme Court of the United States of the question of Slavery; the slaves, like all other property, are to be protected under the federal constitution, but the slave-trade is to be rigorously suppressed. The American Government is friendly with the great empires of Russia and France; indeed, with all powers but Spain. With regard to the dispute at San Juan, the precautionary arrangements of General Scott have been successfully carried out, and there is no doubt of a peaceful issue. The message recommends the employment of a military force in Mexico to obtain indemnity for the past and security for the future. Later news arrived on Tuesday, Jan. 10. On the 29th Dec. a great fire occurred in Beekman-street, New York, destroying property to the value of a million of dollars. The same day was telegraphed the account of a negro insurrection at Bolivar, in Missouri, which had been suppressed. The burning of the town and murder of the whites is said to have been plotted.

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